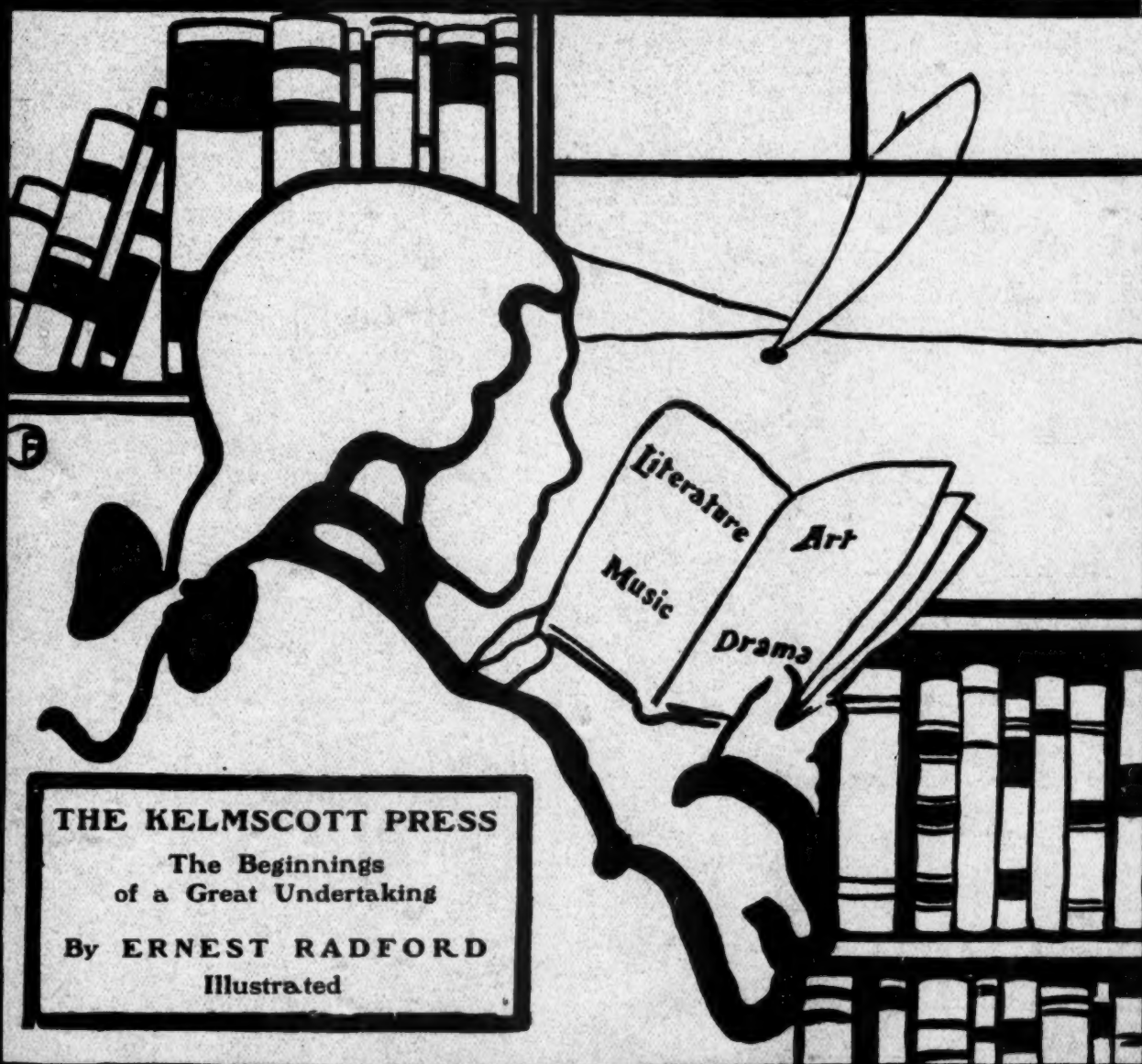


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Literary Notes

THE CONTEMPORARY" gives an interesting article on "The Modern German Novel," by Count S. C. de Soissons, in which it is written "the strength of the modern German novel lies in the wise habit of the authors of writing about the people with whom they are in close contact in actual life." Does not that remark apply exactly to the stronger of our own writers of fiction to-day? For examples, to Mr. Conrad, Mr. Morrison, Mr. "Orme Agnus," Mr. Eden Phillpotts, and some few more? Novelists must always depend partly upon experiences and partly upon their imaginations for their characters, but are showing a fine tendency now to depend almost entirely upon their experiences for the scenery and setting of their stories. Realism in fiction has unfortunately come to bear an unsavoury meaning, otherwise I would say that we have a school of realists in fiction who have done good work already and bid fair to dominate our writers of novels in the years to come.

THOSE who study life, both writers and spectators, have deserted the theatre with which fiction is so serious a rival. Countless stories come from the press every year which have no bearing upon the problems and events of life; but there are many others for which we may be thankful, not all high works of art, but all serious essays toward a true picture of life as it has come beneath the observation of the writers. As is said in the article already quoted, "novels written in this way possess inward truth and not only its superficial appearance; they are true works of art."

"THE GREEN SHEAF" is a refreshing publication, as its name implies. Thirteen numbers are issued yearly, it is printed, and well printed, on antique paper, the literary contents are quaint and sometimes beautiful, but the chiefest charm lies in the hand-coloured prints, which are highly decorative, simple in treatment and of a pleasant old-world flavour. The number before me contains a surprise in the form of a reproduction of a pastel by Mr. W. B. Yeats—a pleasing surprise. Mr. Elkin Mathews publishes this acceptable sheaf of good things.

MESSRS. P. S. KING AND SON are issuing a catalogue of Parliamentary Papers, 1801-1900, with a few of earlier date, rightly believing that it will be of service to librarians and students. Parliamentary papers have always appealed to me, and surely to many others, as very often fascinating reading. It is not that their literary style is frequently of a high order of merit, but they present to us facts and not fancies, records and not rumours. And to the student of history, manners, economics, sociology, parliamentary publications are a gold mine of information of a character to be depended upon.

It may appear that this is an oft-told tale; it is; but a tale that has not had sufficient hearers as yet. These publications are too often looked upon as dry-as-dust, sometimes they are so, but not often; usually they are very much alive.

GLANCE, for instance, through the pages of this catalogue. I light upon the entry "Japan," and there find that in parliamentary papers of one kind and another, the political, social and economic history of the new Japan is written down for me. The same may be said of the numberless entries directly or indirectly applying to London of the last century; anyone setting about the writing of a history of that wonderful century of London's life will find abundant material here ready to his hand. There are two columns of entries under the heading "Copyright," dating



M. EUGÈNE BRIEX

[Photo. Gilbert & Co., Paris.]

from 1843 to 1900. What of parliamentary papers—possibly including a bill—concerning copyright will this year of grace provide for us?

MR. LAURENCE HOUSMAN hopes to have ready for publication this spring, by Mr. John Murray, a novel which deals with country life on a lonely part of the English coast at a date some thirty years back. The book is named after the heroine, "Sabrina Warham."

MR. THOMAS WRIGHT, whose life of Edward Fitzgerald was reviewed in last week's ACADEMY, is engaged on a Life of Walter Pater, to form two volumes, and will be very glad to receive assistance from any who were privileged to know Mr. Pater.

AN effort is being made to complete the rebuilding of the church of Lower Brixham, Devon, which was commenced thirty years ago in memory of Henry Francis Lyte, its first vicar. £2,000 is still required to complete the work, and surely there should be no difficulty in collecting this sum from those who have found consolation in "Abide with Me," which was written by Lyte on the last evening he spent at Brixham. Donations should be sent to the Reverend Stewart Sim, The Vicarage, Lower Brixham, Devonshire, or per the Editor of THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 9, East Harding Street, London, E.C.

WHILE it is impossible to agree with all the following passage quoted from an interesting article in "The Independent Review" on George Gissing, most of it can be accepted as true. "Gissing is usually called a realist and a pessimist. If idealism means the deliberate misrepresentation of life as being what the writer knows it not to be, Gissing is certainly no idealist: nor is he an optimist if those alone can claim that title who, through natural or acquired obliquity of vision, see the good always triumphing over evil. But if, having a firm conviction of what is noble and what is base, and holding fast a high conception of what human life might be, a writer with fine analysis, clear intuition, and undaunted fidelity paints the picture of life as he finds it, showing the true issues in the complex conflict of forces, he may at least claim the gratitude of those whom he has helped to a better understanding of themselves and their surroundings. This is what Gissing did; and London, above all, will remember him as her second great interpreter after Dickens. His works and Charles Booth's 'Enquiry' are our generation's contribution towards a fuller knowledge of the mysterious city: indeed, it is in the alembic of such brains as Gissing's that the 'subtler alchemy' is to be found which shall make the dead facts live."

THE destruction by fire on the 26th of last month of the Turin Library is an international loss; scholars will mourn the destruction of many valuable Latin MSS., including a palimpsest of Pliny's Natural History, and a splendid collection of Oriental MSS. As with the recent theatre fire in America, the disaster in Turin will probably raise doubts in many minds as to the safety of other public and private libraries. Books are not easy to burn, and if the buildings in which they are stored are reasonably fire-proof there need not be much risk. But are the buildings of, for examples, the British Museum, the Bodleian, and the Vatican reasonably fire-proof? Are due precautions taken against fire and proper provisions made for its rapid extinction if it should occur?

INDEED the Government would be doing good service if it were to appoint a properly qualified commission to enquire into the safety, as regards fire, of all our public

collections and to report upon the most reasonable course to pursue to ensure such safety. Probably, however, no such necessary precautions will be taken until a disaster has taught us that all is not as it should be. Had we a Ministry of Fine Arts the safety of our national museums, libraries and art galleries would come within its scope, as well as many other matters of public import and value. But, then, as a nation we do not care to spend money upon art or letters.

MR. CHURTON COLLINS' letter in our last issue, concerning the Clough and Tennyson parallel, throws no new light upon the difficult question of plagiarism, though it does lighten the particular difficulty in question. In truth, it is not so much matter for wonder that apparent plagiarism should occur as that it does not occur more often. Considering the vast amount of literary matter that is more or less assimilated between the days when reading comes upon a child as a new delight and the arrival at years of literary discretion, or indiscretion, and bearing in mind the vast number of quotations that are current in ordinary conversation, is it not unreasonable to expect that a writer should be able to avoid occasional repetition of phrases or ideas from the works of other authors? All that we have a right to blame is sustained, repeated borrowing of thoughts or sentences, or the unacknowledged pilfering of the results of other men's research. It speaks well for the honour of literary men that such blame is seldom called for.

IN response to the appeal made by the committee of the Max Müller Memorial Fund subscriptions have been received to the amount of £2,500. Professor Hubert von Herkomer, R.A., Honorary Fellow of All Souls' College, has, in addition to a contribution to the memorial fund, presented a portrait, painted by himself, of Professor Max Müller which has been hung in the hall of All Souls' College. Under these circumstances it was considered that there was no further need for a personal memorial and the funds raised will be applied, under a decree of Convocation, to the promotion of learning and research in all matters relating to the history and archaeology, the languages, literatures and religions of ancient India.

THE establishment of a Sociological Society in London, now announced, with the prospect of a Quarterly Journal, is to be welcomed on many grounds. It is part of an international movement tardy in reaching this country. In an initial pamphlet descriptive of the project to form an English society, it is pointed out that "in the last decade of the nineteenth century there was a very considerable development of interests and studies specifically sociological. It was a time of growth characterised by the customary symptoms both of expansion of studies and of co-ordination of them—the establishment of chairs, lecture-ships and institutions; the multiplication of literature (much of it, to be sure, calling itself sociological with little justification), and the founding of sociological journals. . . . In Great Britain, almost alone of leading nations, sociology is to-day unrepresented by any special institution or periodical of scientific studies, and our Universities stand in conspicuous isolation, whether on the implicit assumption that sociological studies are adequately pursued under some other title, or that means and men are needed we need not for the moment enquire."

THE aims of the Sociological Society are scientific, educational and practical. The society seeks to promote investigation and to advance education in the social sciences in their various aspects and applications. It aims

at affording a common ground on which workers from all fields and schools concerned with social phenomena may meet—geographer and naturalist, anthropologist and archaeologist, historian and economist, psychologist and moralist; as also physician and alienist, criminologist and jurist, hygienist and educationist, philanthropist and social reformer, politician and cleric.

AMONGST the executive committee of the new society are the names of E. W. Brabrook, C.B.; Dr. J. H. Bridges; Dr. C. M. Douglas, M.P.; Professor Geddes; Dr. A. C. Haddon, F.R.S.; Mr. L. T. Hobhouse; Dr. Scott Keltie; Mr. Benjamin Kidd; Mr. C. S. Loch; Mr. Graham Wallas and Mr. H. G. Wells. The gift of £1,000 by Mr. Martin White, to establish experimental courses in sociology in London, enables the University of London to take the lead in developing sociology as an academic study in this country. Extra-murally, however, two or three movements have been inaugurated. The first of these was in Edinburgh, which city, Dr. Charles Douglas remarked at the Sociological Conference in June last, "Professor Geddes has made a home of sociology." The other movement springs from the Social Education Committee of the Charity Organisation Society.

THE scheme of lectures under Mr. White's benefaction in London University began on Friday, February 5, with a course by Professor Geddes at the London School of Economics. Professor Geddes is also giving a course of ten lectures on General Sociology at the Caxton Hall, Westminster, in connection with the School of Sociology and Social Economics, the title assumed by the new organisation brought into existence this winter by the Social Education Committee of the Charity Organisation Society. On application to the Secretary of the Sociological Society, 5 Old Queen Street, Westminster, S.W., a pamphlet may be obtained, giving a detailed account of the origin, purpose, programme and constitution of the society, and a full report of the speeches at the conference.

STRONG support to views recently expressed in this journal is given in Mr. William Watson's article on "The State Discouragement of Literature" in "The Fortnightly," from which I quote some passages. The writer says: "To the vast majority of the people the most real and abiding glories of our country are virtually non-existent. To the vast majority of the people the very names of all but two or three, at most, of the supreme masters of our language—the two or three of world-wide acceptance and honour—are unknown. The phenomenon of so huge an illiteracy, at once too palpable to escape us and too familiar to surprise, is a remarkable one." And, "The country is hugely illiterate; the country is not incurably illiterate; the country needs a cure for its huge illiteracy." "Literature is, after all, the most usual gateway by which the whole house of knowledge is approached. Ignorance of it is apt to connote ignorance of much else, which every citizen might profitably know. Indifference to it is apt to connote indifference to most things that are momentous." "If foreign nations are anywhere outpacing us, they are outpacing us by dint of qualities which, in homely phrase, have less to do with the length of a man's legs than with the length of his head. To amplify the mental prospect of the multitude is to vivify their whole existence, with results favourable to effective citizenship and of good omen for the commonwealth. But ignorance of all the larger thoughts of the world will in the end weaken the stroke of the hammer and dull the edge of the blade."

MR. WATSON believes that the neglect of the State in the conferring of honours upon literary men has to some extent, at any rate, been the cause of the apathy with which the general public regards literature, but here I cannot agree with him. The general public does not admire fine art or fine music because honours have been showered upon artists and musicians, nor is the popularity of the theatre dependent upon the knighthoods conferred upon eminent actors. The root of the evil is far deeper than this, and the cure rests, I believe, with those responsible for the education of the people.

THERE are other interesting articles in this strikingly good number of "The Fortnightly": a sane appreciation of George Gissing by Mr. Arthur Waugh, a paper on Eugène Sue by Mr. Francis Gribble, and a poem which is mistakenly said to be unpublished before, by Edgar Allan Poe, with a note by Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace. Here are four of the sixteen lines:—

In a solemn night of summer, when my heart of gloom,
Blossomed up to greet the comer, like a rose in bloom,
All foreboding that distressed me, I forgot as joy caressed
me,
Lying joy that caught and pressed me, in the arms of
doom.

The lines ring something like Poe, but the evidence that they are his is wanting; in fact it is certain they are not from him. The poem was printed in a morning paper some years ago. Perhaps some of my correspondents can throw light further on the matter.

THE first number of "The Extensionist," the record of the Central Association of University Extension Students, is published this week, and contains much matter of interest to all concerned in the welfare of University Extension work. Included in the contents are the papers read at the inaugural meeting of the Association by Dr. R. D. Roberts, Dr. Emil Reich, Dr. J. Holland Rose and Major Martin Hume. "The Extensionist" is published at the office of the Association, 7 Pall Mall, London, S.W.

THE "Monthly Review" (Murray) contains an interesting article upon Mr. W. E. H. Lecky, by the Hon. Emily Lawless, from which a quotation will surely be forgiven: "His schoolboy life is said to have been a not particularly happy one. For games or sport he had at no time any affinity, and it is easy to understand that the rough ways of ordinary schoolboys would have been a small purgatory to a nature so inveterately gentle and sensitive as his must always have been. At college, on the other hand—where it may amuse his readers to know that his address was '13 Botany Bay'—he quickly contracted a number of friendships, nearly all of which remained an integral part of his life ever afterwards. Upon this account, and still more because it was there that his own great powers first revealed themselves, to himself no less than to others, this period of his life was evidently a thoroughly enjoyable one. He became a member of the Historical Society, whose coveted gold medal for oratory he obtained in the first year of his joining it. The effect produced upon that society by the sudden emergence of their tall, shy, and hitherto inveterately taciturn member, has been well described recently by one of his own contemporaries: 'He spoke, much as he spoke all through his life, with an extraordinary wealth of language, and a marvellous affluence of illustration. . . . And he spoke—one could see—with the strong conviction that he was saying what he believed to be right, and what he held to be true.' Such a success, Lord Ashbourne goes on to say, he had

never known [in the whole course of his long connection with the society."

"DICKENS AND HIS ILLUSTRATORS," an excellent brochure by Mr. F. G. Kitton (Dickens Fellowship Publications, No. 2, Second Edition, 2d.), calls to mind the often debated and very debatable point—whether readers do or do not appreciate illustrations in their favourite works of fiction. The truth seems to be that sometimes they are acceptable, sometimes not so. Who would wish away the original illustrations to "Pickwick" or "Vanity Fair"? They have established for ever the outward forms of the characters in those works. On the other hand, there must be not a few who prefer, say, Fielding and Miss Austen unillustrated; all of us have formed our own conceptions of the various characters, we all have our mental pictures of Sophia and Emma, and do not desire to have them tampered with. Nor do most of us appreciate the new views of old friends given us by the successors of Cruikshank and "Phiz."

AN interesting collection might be made of passages from works of fiction, dealing with various aspects of the streets and life of London. The field is wide from which to glean—Fielding, Richardson, Scott, Beaconsfield, Thackeray, Dickens, Gissing, Morrison, Borrow—to name but some of the many. Well done, and well illustrated, such a book would be a delight to those of us who live in the fascination of London town.

"DICKENS AND THE DOVER ROAD" is the subject of a well-illustrated article by Mr. Walter Dexter in the February number of "Cassell's Magazine." How many places in our country owe the greater part of their interest to their connection with characters that never lived in the flesh.

SUCH local publications as "The Wimbledon and Merton Annual" can justly claim to possess more than merely local interest when they contain such excellent contributions as "Eagle House" by Mr. T. G. Jackson, R.A., "Nelson's Home at Merton" by Professor J. K. Laughton, and "King's College School" by Professor J. W. Hales. There are other interesting contributions and many appropriate illustrations. The annual is published by Messrs. Edwin Trim & Co., Wimbledon.

THAT very useful annual, "Hazell," is now more useful than ever, in that it possesses an index, which certainly renders it easier to find the exact detail of information sought for. One sometimes marvels how our grandsires kept in touch with the events of their days without "Hazell" or "Whitaker."

THE Anglo-Russian Literary Society announces some interesting lectures, notably the following: March 1, "Manchuria," by A. Hall-Hall; April 5, "Twenty-five Years in Russia," by W. Barnes Stevni; May 3, "A Servian Hero of the Olden Time," by Malcolm Burr; June 7, "The Pamirs," by Captain H. E. Raymond; and July 5, "A Russian Howard," by Mrs. S. Howe.

Bibliographical

Now that definite announcement is made of the imminent production at the Imperial of Mr. John Davidson's version of "Ruy Blas," we may expect that there will be demands on the part of many unlettered playgoers for those English translations

of Hugo's drama which are already in existence. These are not so numerous as might have been supposed. In fact, I know of two only that are easily obtainable by the English reader. One of these was contributed by Mrs. Newton Crosland to the volume of "Dramatic Works of Victor Hugo" published by Messrs. Bell in 1887. This forms part of Bohn's Standard Library, and is, I presume, in print. The other version, also in verse, by W. D. S. Alexander, was published in 1890. "Ruy Blas," it may be as well to point out, does not figure in the "Select Poems and Tragedies by Victor Hugo" included in 1890 in the Minerva Library (Messrs. Ward and Lock). I presume, however, a version of it appears in the edition of Hugo's dramas, "fully translated" by I. G. Burnham, the publication of which began at Philadelphia in 1895. An adaptation of "Ruy Blas," in verse, by E. O'Rourke, is in Lacy's series of acting dramas, in which there is also a prose adaptation by Charles Webb. It will be remembered that Marchetti's opera of "Ruy Blas" was produced in England eighteen years ago, with an English libretto from the pen of Mr. W. Grist. There has been more than one travesty of "Ruy Blas." Hugo's own countryman, Hanotelle, burlesqued it in "Le Sixième Acte de Ruy Blas." In England we have had the "Ruy Blas Righted" of Robert Reece and the "Ruy Blas, or the Blasé Roué" of Fred Leslie, the actor.

I had occasion the other day to consult the two volumes which contain the Poems and Essays of William Caldwell Roscoe. These were issued in 1860, and excited much interest at the time among all students of the belles-lettres. So recently as 1891, Miss E. M. Roscoe re-issued her father's Poems, with a few hitherto unpublished additions; a very welcome volume it was. I wonder if a public could now be found for a re-issue of the Essays? I should like especially to see a reprint of the papers on Tennyson, Matthew Arnold, Browning, Samuel Rogers, Tom Moore, Gray, Crabbe, Defoe, Thackeray, the Brontës and Bulwer Lytton. There are comparatively few critical estimates extant of Rogers, Moore and Bulwer. As a young man I found Roscoe very stimulating, and I should think he would have the same effect upon the young readers of to-day. It will be observed that the Essays are now outside the radius of copyright.

Persons with plenty of leisure might do worse than devote a few hours to the verse published by Clough's colleague in the production of "Ambarvalia" (1849). Mr. Miles, in his appendix to an appendix in the tenth volume of "The Poets and the Poetry of the Century," gives that colleague's name as Burbridge; it was, of course, Burbidge. He makes mention of Burbidge's volume of "Poems Longer and Shorter" (1838). There was also a verse-volume by Burbidge called "Hours and Days" (1851)—a title which recalls that of Frederick Tennyson's "Days and Hours" (1854). Mr. Miles accords only a few lines to Burbidge, from whom nothing is quoted, though I think he ought to be represented, however slightly, in every anthology of nineteenth-century verse.

The advertisement of a volume on Matthew Arnold and his influence on his time suggests that that influence has been greater than is generally allowed. We have already had two books devoted to the subject: "Matthew Arnold: the Message and Meaning of a Life," by T. W. M. Lund (1888), and "Matthew Arnold and the Spirit of the Age" by Greenhough White (1898). There is also a section on Arnold in R. A. Watson's "Gospels of Yesterday" (1888). The short essays on the topic are, of course, numerous.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews

A Brilliant Historian

A HISTORY OF MODERN ENGLAND. By Herbert Paul. In five vols. Vols. I. and II. (Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net each vol.)

MR. PAUL regards our era of modernity as having begun about 1846. At that time the life of England was beginning to change in many ways. Although far from being established, "Free Trade" had been arranged for. Stage coaches were being displaced by railway trains. Inventors were about to become active and successful in a measure quite unprecedented. Reviving the best ideals of the Monarchy, Queen Victoria was restoring the State to self-respect. Also, Literature and the Church were waking. Was England really entering upon new courses? One feels that she was; yet it is not easy to define the notion. It is not the State that causes revolutionary enterprise in mechanical contrivances. Mechanical genius causes modifications, or revolutions, first in the fabric of society and then in the State by which society is sanctioned. Similarly, it is not to the State that a people ever owe the coming of an exemplary Sovereign. It is the rise of such a Sovereign that conditions the character of the State. Between Literature and Polity the relations are more obscure; but, even if we leave out of account the considerations discussed by Mr. Watson in the new number of the "Fortnightly Review," it is not easy to believe that Literature is influenced by Polity. Like Trade it has periods of decline; but these are independent of changes in the Constitution and the actions of Parliament.

Are we, then, to conclude that the neatness of Mr. Paul's beginning is more apparent than real? Is his choice arbitrary? It would be gratifying, in a way, to think so. A nation does not object to vicissitudes, which, indeed, are essential in a romantic or otherwise creditable history; but it likes the idea of continuity, the idea that there are centuries of unbroken tradition to its credit. Why not? The New Age, a phrase of which restless but ambitious mediocrities in all times are fond, expresses an aspiration which is either insincere or repulsive. To indifferent honest Philistines it is just as antipathetic as hymnology about the Green Hill Far Away and other chill or inhuman ideals. A quite new England would really mean the end of the old and the rise of another State with the same name. Patriots do not yearn to believe that this has happened. Mr. Paul, we imagine, is at one with them. He chose 1846 simply because, having to begin his history somewhere, that stage seemed better than any other. Wary persons may have observed that in hinting a doubt as to whether there was any breach of continuity in 1846 we have made no mention of what was achieved by the Anti-Corn-Law statesmen. There is no sophistry in the omission. The abolition of protective measures, or the institution of them, is exactly work of the sort to which Parliament is confined. It is not within the scope of this brief reflection. It is work of a kind that affects the life of the nation much less than in times of political strife we are apt to suppose. Let Mr. Paul himself bear witness. Concluding his masterly account of the Crimean War, he says: "Unprepared for a distant and offensive campaign as England was in 1854, the resources of the country proved more than equal to the trial. The real cause of the phenomenon is inherent in the British race." The partial repeal of Protection, over which the whole country had been previously excited for years, had nothing to do with the matter. It seems to be Race, rather than Legislation, that makes a State strong or weak.

Mr. Paul's remark just quoted is a good example of a remarkable power that glowingly distinguishes the first

two volumes of his History. Often in a single sentence he sets forth some great truth to define which less gifted writers would need pages. "A State which does not make Education its business will," he says, "forfeit its business to States which do." Again, Lord Palmerston thought that the Pope should not be allowed to re-enter Rome until he had promised to govern in a Constitutional way. "But," Mr. Paul remarks, "a Constitutional Pope is almost as unthinkable as a Constitutional God." After a summary of Louis Napoleon's doings before he reached the throne of France, we read, "It is the way with saviours of society to begin by taking other men's lives, to proceed by taking other men's goods, and to reserve the deprivation of other men's liberties for the last." Mr. Paul, it will be perceived, is a wit; and his wit is of a kind that has become rare. He does not manufacture epigrams in the manner of those who overdeck their pages with witticisms as a woman may overdeck herself with diamonds. His wit is unforced, spontaneous, springing out of the garden of intellect as in due season flowers spring from the tilled earth. In short, Mr. Paul is a very remarkable man. His style, the simple and straightforward style which looks so easy and is so difficult to acquire, is admirably adapted to his subject and is almost wholly free from slips. Then, his scholarship is nothing less than amazing. The annals of England from 1846 to 1865 are before us in these volumes as vividly, and almost with as much minuteness of detail, as if what we have been reading were merely a first-class descriptive and exegetical account of yesterday's proceedings in Parliament.

W. EARL HODGSON.

"Precursors"

HILL TOWNS OF ITALY. By Egerton R. Williams. (Smith, Elder. 10s. 6d. net.)

IN his recent biography of W. W. Story, Mr. Henry James discoursed in suggestive fashion of the "Precursors," by which name he designated those Americans who were first to settle in Italy, drawn by intellectual or temperamental affinities, and who made the way easy for a later generation of confessed and self-condemned exiles. Those early enthusiasts, English as well as American, were possessed of a somewhat indiscriminate enjoyment foreign to our day—"Robert Browning and his illustrious wife burnt incense to Domenichino," observes Mr. James—and the freshness of their impressions made amends for lack of specialised and critical knowledge. "Hill Towns of Italy" may best be classified as a book which might have been written in the days of the Precursors, when foreign travel was in itself an adventure, and when the travellers yielded themselves with unabashed ardour to their experience. Perhaps Americans must always feel more keenly than others the impact of the ancient world which, to them, comes whole and sudden. Certainly Mr. Williams writes of his Italian wanderings with an exaltation and an awe which is somewhat out of date. His raptures are candid, not guiltless of exclamation marks; he cannot escape from the wonder of Italy's long-continued pageant of human life; most significant of all, he is not above quoting Byron at length.

It must not be supposed that "Hill Towns of Italy" consists merely of rhapsodies. The author has given no little study to his subject and has gone decidedly off the beaten track in his rambles across Etruria; his book would be a charming companion and guide for a summer spent in Tuscan and Umbrian towns. We read there not only of Perugia, Assisi and Siena, with their familiar treasures, but of such out-of-the-way eyries as Montefalco, which holds a few rare altar-pieces hidden away on its height.

On one occasion, indeed, Mr. Williams appears to have discovered an Etruscan city of his own, an almost needless achievement, since his delight in each newly-visited town is as intense as though it were newly discovered. In the course of the narrative we gain a fair amount of historical information concerning the past of the various cities, from the days of the Pelasgians to those of Victor Emmanuel, liberator of Italy. It must be confessed that some of Mr. Williams' historical generalisations are dangerously positive, considering that his studies do not appear to have been profound. His artistic appraisements are more to be trusted, though his taste evidently inclines towards the wistful tenderness of Perugino and his school, and his comments on Signorelli's "Last Judgment"—that amazing tragedy of naked souls—are painfully inadequate. In fact the entire chapter on Orvieto is unsatisfactory; the least adequate in the book. Perugia fares better at Mr. Williams' hands, and so does Siena, though the brief sketch of St. Catherine is unsympathetic to a degree, in marked contrast to the impassioned tribute to St. Francis, which takes up much of the space devoted to Assisi. After all, it would be impossible to indulge in minute historical or technical studies in the space which the author has allowed himself, and if he does not go deeply into such subjects, he is sensitively responsive to beauty alike of art and nature. His descriptions of those immemorial citadels holding guard above a country of vine and olive, riotous with the scarlet poppy, are full of the sense of colour, of the sense, too, of the shadows of the past. In the end the book leaves its reader little inclined to quarrel with its limitations, even with its absence of style, since that very lack contributes to its effect of spontaneity and sincerity. The illustrations add greatly to the charm of the volume.

DORA GREENWELL MCCHESEY.

The Prologue-Play

THE SIN OF PRINCE ELADANE. A story of Early Britain told in Narrative, Dialogue, and Song. With an Introduction. By Oswald Crawford, C.M.G. (Chapman and Hall. 2s. 6d.)

So far as we know, this volume is unique in this respect—that it contains two differently-constructed versions of the same story. Both versions are in blank verse and in dramatic form; but, in the case of that which comes first, there are three acts, the first two of which are each introduced by a long prologue from the lips of a single speaker; while, in the case of the second version, there are four acts and no prologues, the particulars supplied by the aforesaid speaker being put into the mouths of certain of the *dramatis personæ*. In other words, the second version conforms to the ordinary rules of dramatic composition, while in the first the author makes such use of his prologuist as Shakespeare makes of his Chorus in "Henry V." Both versions, it should be explained, have been written for perusal, not for representation in a theatre. "The judgment of the reader," says Mr. Crawford in his introduction, "is invited as to which is the preferable form of a play intended for the reader only, and as to whether this prologue-form of drama is not a legitimate literary mode, having certain advantages over other ways of telling the same story." We may say at once that, for our part, we see nothing illegitimate in the use of the prologue as preliminary narrative, whether the play be for the study or for the stage. There are, of course, sticklers for the "classic" form of drama, in which everything must be told as well as done by the actors therein, without any assistance from outside. Our own sympathies and judgment, however, go with Mr. Crawford, who, it should be noted, is as far as possible from being a revolutionist in the theatrical matters. On the contrary, he is on the side of the conventions. He argues, quite truly, that absolute realism is impossible on the boards, and that, moreover,

when the real cab is presented side by side with the unreal lamp-post and curb-stone, the illusion is destroyed. The theatre being the home of artifice, everything in it should be artificial. That we take to be Mr. Crawford's main contention, though we dare say he would like the stage to get, like Caleb Plummer's toys, "as near to nature as it can for sixpence." Ibsen has shown us that it is possible so to contrive plays of modern and familiar life that they shall have the least possible measure of theatricality. With broad, romantic themes, such as that dealt with in "The Sin of Prince Eladane," the conditions are different and convention must be accepted. The reader, we have no hesitation in saying, is helped by Mr. Crawford's narrative prologues, which prepare him suitably for the dramatic action that follows. Very much the same principle has been adopted by Mr. Hardy in the construction of "The Dynasts," though with him the prologue usually takes the shape of a kind of choral dialogue.

LE DÉDALE. Pièce en cinq actes, en prose. Par Paul Hervieu. (Lemerre. 3 fr. 50 c.)

FRENCH novelists and dramatists are greatly attracted by the subject of divorce. Sometimes it is treated from a comic point of view, sometimes the novel or drama is a serious dissertation on the moral or legal aspect of the matter. It would not at first sight seem a subject that offered much variety of treatment. But so far as we are able to make out, the changes in the French divorce laws are so frequent that a middle-aged married woman in this play who tries to dissuade her daughter from seeking a divorce, describes the law as "une loi passagère qui n'existait pas encore lorsque je suis entrée en ménage avec lui [i.e., votre père], et qui n'existera peut-être déjà plus quand ton fils prendra femme." But despite the opportunity seemingly offered by such variations, most writers base their plots on the chances of reconciliation between the parties either just before or just after the proceedings in the Divorce Court. Hervieu treats the question from its most serious aspect—there is not a spark of wit or a touch of humour in the whole of the five acts—and endeavours to prove the futility of divorce where there is a child, because, he believes, a woman never entirely ceases to love the man who is the father of her child. It is not necessary to discuss here that particular view, but every thoughtful person feels that where there are children, divorce is nearly always undesirable. Yet with all its didactic intention, Hervieu's drama is little more than an ordinary "drame de passion." The persons who yield to their passions happen to have been divorced, and that is all. And the passion as portrayed by Hervieu lacks sincerity and inevitableness, it is of an ignoble kind, and not at all the "demonic power" of Turguénieff, "the fire which recks not if it burns comfortably on the hearth or destroys the whole house." With one exception, the nerves of all the persons in the play are the whole time strained to the uttermost, and from people in such an abnormal condition it is absurd to expect either sincerity or reasonableness.

Max de Pogis, the husband, is the guilty person, and Marianne, his wife, in her righteous anger insists on a divorce, which she obtains. Her mother, on religious and moral grounds, dislikes such proceedings, and frankly disapproves Marianne's second marriage with Guillaume de Breuil, auguring from it all sorts of evil. Max had before that married the lady who had been the cause of the rupture, but she died a year or two after; he had long repented the whole business, and now, a lonely widower, insisted on having his child with him half the year instead of the few weeks that had previously been arranged. To this Marianne feels bound to agree. The little boy goes to his father's country house, where he falls dangerously ill with diphtheria. The mother is sent for. The boy recovers, but not before over his sick bed love has once again sprung up in the hearts of the divorced husband and wife, and

overcome by memories of the past, the woman yields, and so becomes the mistress of her *quondam* husband. It is indeed a labyrinth. Not of those who can bring themselves to carry on an intrigue, Marianne confesses all to Guillaume, at the same time stating her determination to live in retirement with her child, and never to see again either of the men who loves her. But Guillaume is fiercely jealous, and his one idea is to kill Max. In successfully accomplishing the deed, he compasses his own death. The last act shows the most invention, and is the most dramatic. Marianne's unconsciousness of what is going on almost before her own eyes, her solicitude being entirely for her little boy, who, she fears, has stayed out too late in the meadows, lends pathos and poetry to what might easily have been melodrama.

Whatever Hervieu writes is literature. Ideas, deep thought, artistic expression and style are never wanting. Yet "Le Dédale" with all its qualities leaves us cold; neither in its tragedy and pathos nor in its literary power does it equal "L'Enigme."

THE GREAT NORTH-WEST AND THE GREAT LAKE REGION OF NORTH AMERICA. By Paul Fountain. (Longmans. 10s. 6d. net.)

WRITTEN primarily no doubt for the naturalist and sportsman, the book has the enthusiasm, unusual observation, and personal method which makes it at once a human document; with nothing of commonplace, indeed much of it almost a romance, not weighed down with scientific data, but with all the evidences of accuracy which carry weight.

The author, who has spent years in the vastnesses of the world, finds himself doubting much of what is called science, and his manner is sometimes intentionally aggressive. And if of wildernesses and great forests the author's keen observation and robust thought are often in conflict with accepted ideas, with museum authorities, and with naturalists of the arm chair, it is more than likely that when dealing with the human family his microscope will require some tactful adjustment.

The strong personal point of view of the author is the more remarkable when it is realised that the book records the observations of a young man of twenty, but the author hastens to say that the impressions made, and made honestly, thirty-seven years ago when he was a mere boy are firmly adhered to now. He speaks boldly on many matters, more or less controversial, but on no subject with more vehemence than of the lonely Indian and of the Hudson Bay Company. He holds that the company, like the twelve Hebrew spies of old, raised up deliberately an evil report of a goodly land; that their policy was selfish, if not absolutely dishonest; that they strove to keep a thirtieth part of the earth's surface a private hunting ground and for their own profit; and that they did not pay the trappers a fair price, &c. And as to the Indian, brutal and savage when on the war path he may be, and it cannot be denied; but there was provocation. The Indian is affable, hospitable, and the solitary white man may wander from one end of the land to the other and be far safer than in some of "your rascally cities." The Indian is not a brute, not a savage, only he does not want civilisation. The author asks what is the feeling of those men who for countless ages have roamed about the desert, at seeing their hunting grounds seized by land-grabbers; at being turned out neck and crop, commanded to live as the white man lives, to worship the Great Spirit as the white man does or does not, and in the end simply to be wiped out? The author makes no apology for what some may regard as mere squeamishness. "I look upon the wanton destruction of trees as a crime, as I do on the useless and unnecessary destruction of animal life. To me it is an abomination for man to consider the natural productions of the earth as an encumbrance thereon . . . tens of thousands of

square miles of timber have been destroyed by fire . . . to clear the land . . . millionaires can be spared better than bears and deers."

The second half of the book is rather of people in the States. "The Yankee is an unqualified idiot over his womenfolk." He dislikes the Yankee boastfulness, their snobbery, their i-dollar-try: he speaks harshly of the improprieties of "husking bees" (a variety of "spelling bee"); and a chapter is given to "shakers and religious mummers." America, he says, was always the dust-heap to which all that was abominable in politics and religion has found its way.

This is amusing enough, but racial criticism is not always free from prejudice. As stated above, the microscope is seen to better advantage in the wilds of the Great North-West, with the free sky above and bears and wolves and foxes for subjects.

THE RELIGIOUS LIFE OF LONDON. Edited by Richard Mudie-Smith. (Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.)

THIS handsome volume, amply furnished with maps and statistical tables, is the final development of the results of the late "Daily News" religious census. It constitutes a monument of journalistic enterprise, and a document of enduring value worthy to be set side by side with Mr. Charles Booth's heroic work. The figures have given *furieusement à penser* to divers well-known writers; and their essays on the facts they suggest are conceived for the most part in an admirable spirit of fairness and restraint, and sometimes with singular picturesqueness. One would wish that Mr. George Gissing might have lived to read the essay on the religion of South London contributed by Mr. Masterman, author of "From the Abyss."

In South London, the census shows, one man in six and one woman in five attend a place of worship at least once on a Sunday. Of these the greater part are not furnished by the poor. "In all central South London I have only seen the poor in bulk collected at two places of religious worship—Mr. Meakin's great hall in Bermondsey and St. George's Roman Catholic Cathedral." And this is for no want of energy on the part of the workers:—

If the works done in South London to-day, one is inclined to assert, had been done in Sodom and Gomorrah, they would have repented in sackcloth and ashes. To all this the great unknown multitude remains entirely unresponsive. So far as a conscious spiritual life is concerned the results seem almost negligible. The key to the heart of South London has not yet been found; its interminable streets and desert of crowded dwellings wait for some outpouring of the spirit as yet withheld; and against its amiable acquiescence and passive resistance to the exhortations, threatenings and promises of the churches all these energies beat themselves in vain.

Among the middle classes, "stretching in a kind of skeleton framework through the cities of labour," is found a survival of the Puritan element. It fills the great Baptist tabernacles. It is the residents in the suburbs that furnish the largest proportion of church attendance in any district in London. And it is remarkable that so far as members of the Established Church are concerned, a considerable progress of ritualism is marked. "Here, if anywhere, is to be found the ritualistic grocer whom Sir William Harcourt once challenged his ecclesiastical opponents to produce." Of larger interest is the general reflection that, in striking contrast with what is going on among other nations of Western Europe, the claims of religion are still acknowledged by the rich and governing classes, while they are altogether inoperative upon the lives of the poor.

Among other subjects admirably treated are The Problem of East London (Percy Alden), The Settlement Ideal (P. W. Wilson), and The Problem of West London (Arthur Sherwell). The Religious News Editor of the "Daily News" treats of Facts and Forces not Enumerated, and

"Lorna," of the "British Weekly," compares, with discouraging results, the present census with that which in 1886 was carried out by the latter paper.

The quietness and confidence of the writers is the more impressive by reason of the breadth of their outlook and their obvious determination to face the stubborn facts.

Fiction

MY FRIEND PROSPERO. By Henry Harland, (Lane. 6s.) The mechanism is nothing, the manner everything in Mr. Harland's latest novel. An English aristocrat and an Austrian princess meet as informally as might Robinson and Schmidt, and develop the beautiful sentiment which the hero distinguishes from cupboard love by calling it "love-love." The setting is an Italian castle and the time to-day, yet is their pretty story a pastoral delightfully like that of Curan and Argente in old Warner's chronicle. We trifle with "degrees of unbirth," or plebeianism till we arrive at the expression "furiously unborn," but we are well advised that happiness is inexorably their lot. The most original character in the novel is an Italian child, who would impress one even more than she does by her fascinating ingenuousness and superstition, if Baron Corvo had not already presented Toto, the one lad worthy to mate her. When the reader is pondering instead of perusing, he finds himself distinctly annoyed by the hero with his blue-eyed laziness, his perorations to the pictures of "lost ladies of old years" and his habit of talking over a child's head to an imaginary adult in the gallery while pretending to converse with her alone. But while he reads he is delightfully inveigled into the author's dream, and when he wakes from it, is a little surprised to find that he has a book in his hand and a critique insurgent on his lips.

THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER. By Gwendolen Overton. (Macmillan. 6s.) A pleasant, if not particularly forceful, picture of army life in the Wild West. The heroine of the story, Marian, is the young daughter of the Captain, a fearless rider and well acquainted with all the ins-and-outs of garrison life. She by chance surprises a young recruit in the act of plundering the drawer of her father's writing desk in which he keeps troop funds. She lets the thief escape for the moment, intending to put the whole matter before her father. But on reflection she inclines to giving the thief a chance to retrieve what may be his first theft. So by substituting her own savings she gives the recruit time to return the money. Unfortunately, the youth is not worth her sentimental action, and many complications ensue, which at one time seem likely to end in serious disaster. The sketch of old Haggarty, the troop crank, who had grown old in the Captain's service, and who rescues Marian from a compromising situation, even though it means disgrace if he is discovered absent from his post, is particularly well done. He is a true Irishman even though he lives in the West. The book is written in an easy flowing style with admirable restraint, and may be safely recommended to the young reader.

THE CIRCLE IN THE SQUARE. By Baldwin Sears. (Barnes. \$1.50.) "The Circle in the Square" is a striking book, if only for its singularly vivid and unvarnished picture of life in the Southern States of America. The struggle of Shan Morgan against the circumstance of his birth, against the languor and inertia of the atmosphere around, is the story of the South. In Madison Square, the select quarter of the town, live most of the characters in this story. "It is suffocatingly hot in those houses on summer nights; noisy with brawls from the river road beneath the hill where the Negro settlements are, from the midnight bells of the monastery on the ridge above the city, and oppressive with the mists and foul odours which rise from the river at nightfall." "Love-making, fighting, politics—indiscriminately cause and effect—fill the round of life in the Circle"; and also fill the pages of this book. Shan Morgan's life is the story of a man who breaks through his environment and pursues the good which he dimly perceives in his soul. His struggles and his temptations, his triumphs and his downfalls, are vividly and truthfully told. And through all, his love for the woman who has been his sweetheart from a little child keeps his heart pure and his temper sweet. Shan returns after three years absence to the Square, a fully fledged M.D., just in time to fight a terrible outbreak of fever, for death is no respecter of the little Circle in the Square. And it is to Shan Morgan, once rejected and deprived of his rights, that the little town looks for help, help in obtaining the sanitary improvements which will stop the ever-recurring outbreaks of fever, help in making politics "a matter of statesmanship instead of a matter of purchase," help in ending "the shameful and paralysing farce of free suffrage." The story of Shan Morgan is not a new story, the various social and political

problems touched upon have been written about before, but the picture of Southern life is so remarkable that it will probably linger in the memory when the characters of the story are forgotten.

THE IRON HAND. By James MacLaren Cobban. (Long. 6s.) The opening chapters of this story give one a somewhat misleading idea as to the ultimate intention of the author. The opening is fantastic, quaint, with much promise of delicacy, and certainly indicates none of the horrors which develop in extravagance. Maybe the reader will regret that the author belittles his ability and writes down with deliberation to a level where fineness of touch is lost in an intoxication of incident. The story is of one Townsend, a man of mystery, a member of that fraternity who advertise in the Agony Column, and who has done service before in Mr. Cobban's work. As a detective he is not very promising, but he succeeds at least in disguising his intelligence. It is for him to prove the innocence of a pale, dark man who is accused unjustly, but on good circumstantial evidence, of breaking into a local bank. Separation from wife and penal servitude follow in course. The sorrows of this heroic person do not move one to tears, and his diary written within prison walls is without pathos. Not once, but twice he escapes his warders, mad with fury to avenge himself on those responsible for the deed for which he so innocently suffers. His task is made easy. He has but to double up his knee joints and strap back his legs to become a torso, unrecognisable to pursuers and persecutors alike. Thus artificially maimed, dead to the world, he becomes a person of importance on the Stock Exchange, and makes the acquaintance of his sometime wife, now wedded to a pawnbroker. This pawnbroker has a horrid past and is mixed up undeniably with the aforesaid bank robbery. But virtue will ever triumphant be, even though balked for sixteen long years, and in a pandemonium of improbability and amid alarms and excursions, hero, detectives, bigamist, pawnbroker, bank breakers, police and others are brought together in dangerous proximity to a patent hydraulic lift, which possesses the rare quality of distinguishing between good and evil. The parties are distributed to their several rightful belongings, much to the relief of the torso who is at liberty to unstrap his stiffened knee joints.

THE BOSS. By Alfred Henry Lewis. (Barnes. \$1.50.) There is one interest and one section of life only presented in this book, namely, the inner history and workings of that New York organisation known as Tammany Hall. To the student of politics it should prove interesting, to the average reader it will hardly appeal. The book is well written in a strong, forceful fashion, and the life of the man who, from being a child-vagabond roaming around the Bowery, becomes by various stages the chief of Tammany Hall, is carefully and fully depicted. With him as a man we have nothing to do, with him as a political factor only are we interested. The boy sits at the feet of Big Kennedy, whose place as chief he afterwards wins, and draws in as the breath of life the moves of the political game. "City Government is but a game; so's all government. Shure, it's as if you an' me were playin' a game av ca-rds, this politics; your party is your hand, an' Tammany is my hand. In a game of cards, which are ye loyal to, is it your hand or the game? Man, it's your hand av coorse." The boy marks and learns, and in the end plays his hand so well that he wins to be head of Tammany Hall and a millionaire to boot, but in the struggle he loses happiness. "The Boss" is the story of the struggle: it is full of incident and force from cover to cover.

Short Notices

Verses

SAN FRANCISCO, AND OTHER POEMS. By F. W. Groves Campbell. (Gay and Bird. 3s.) This slender volume consists of a few poems in blank verse, narrative in form; and an equally few very brief lyrics. The lyrics fail of lyric effect because they are too compact of thought, with inadequate ardour and spontaneity of emotion. But the longer poems in blank verse have a certain unquestionable measure of poetic power. It is not mere poetised eloquence or rhetoric. It is poetry itself, of an elevated and subtle kind. But it is not of a popular kind. The author tends towards mysticism, and is full of a recondite fancy, passing at times into veritable imagination. He exhibits a great research of rich and classic diction and has often felicitous imagery. He has, too, often the imaginative emotion of youth; a Keats-like fervour, divorced from actuality and based on visionary passion. The gift of vision is his chief and nowadays not too common gift. His defect resides in an over-aesthetic strain of imagery and allusion.

He is fond of referring to specific pictures, specific composers, which suggests the critic and the aesthete rather than the poet. There is an element of "preciousness," in fact. But the slight volume is distinctly above the bulk even of good minor verse.

RIO GRANDE'S LAST RACE, AND OTHER VERSES. By A. B. Paterson. (Macmillan. 6s.) THE LOST PARADISE, AND OTHER POEMS. By John Tattersall. (Edinburgh: George A. Morton. 2s. 6d. net.) SAVONAROLA, A CITY'S TRAGEDY. By Newman Howard. (Dent. 4s. 6d. net.) THE WANDERING JEW, A POEM. By Chas. Inniss Bowen. (Walter Scott. 1s. 6d.) LA VÉNUS DES AVEUGLES. Par Renée Vivien. (Paris: Lemerre. 3 frs.) Mr. Paterson, like Mr. Lawson, is one of the best known of modern Australian poets. Like well nigh all of them his chosen medium is the ballad in its various forms—in other words, he is a narrative poet. On the whole, he has done better things than this volume. In the most of the poems, the narrative is frank, direct, and of a certain spirit, but the diction is apt to be the conventional diction of the journalist—fatally unpoetical. One cannot but compare it with the diction of Mr. Kipling, which (even when he uses the decadent slang of the British soldier) is racy, vivid, and vital, with that soul of rightness in it which makes for poetry. Here the phrases are customary, blocked out, with no intimate relation to the thing uttered, no quick and alert intention. Yet there are ballads which attain a more spirited execution, and this is especially liable to be the case where Mr. Paterson treats of the horse. "Father Riley's Horse," for instance, has a ring which recalls the verse that made Mr. Paterson's name. But as a whole the book is too facile.—Mr. Tattersall's "Lost Paradise" is a cultivated and tasteful little collection of poems. It has thoughtfulness; it has poetic feeling; it has classic and restrained expression. Only it has not that fulness of ardour, that sense as of closed furnace-doors which we call plenary inspiration. A certain mild inspiration, none the less, may be accredited to it.—Of Mr. Howard's "Savonarola" it may be said that it is clever; it shows a research of historic character, a grasp of historic period; the dialogue is characteristic and human. All which is much. But there is little dramatic and cumulative power; there is nothing which can be called poetic gift, and on the whole it shows talent rather than genius.—"The Wandering Jew" may briefly be dismissed as mediocre.—Not so the "Vénus des Aveugles" of the French poet (or, we believe, poetess) who assumes the name of Renée Vivien. The verse is polished to the last degree, and has a certain perverse imagination. But it is decadent and corrupt to a funereal pitch; morbidity reigns triumphant. No healthy English taste can suffer this impearling and adornment of all that is unnatural, nay, downright vicious. It is the poetry of death and decay, and we can but regret very genuine gifts misbestowed. Of the handful of books we have reviewed, it is by far the strongest, the most authentically poetic. It is also, alas, the most repellant, the most tainted. "Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds" might be the motto of the author, who shows a tendency to English quotations and titles.

POEMS OF POWER. By Ella Wheeler Wilcox. (Gay and Bird. 3s. 6d. net.) The name of Mrs. Wheeler Wilcox is already known. In this book she shows a regrettable fluency—we had almost written feminine fluency, but it is not confined to women. Regrettable, because there is often substance in these poems; which is not so common a thing that it should go forth to the world carelessly arrayed. In the best of this verse there is thought, but the author is lax as to form, content with common feminine impetuosities and trivialities of utterance—or too often so content. Yet the inherent truth of thought (as is wont happily to chance when thought is truly felt) intermittently presses the verse into shape which arrests attention. "Fate and I" (for instance) has occasional couplets which suggest Blake, and suggest him not unworthily:—

"My immortal will was born
Part of that stupendous cause
Which conceived the Solar Laws,"

for example; or again, "Who most loves has most of Force"; or still more, "He who harbours Hate one hour Saps the soul of Peace and Power." That last couplet might well have come from Blake's "Songs of Experience." The pity is that these things are casual; that she pours out strong, weak, and indifferent together, as though she did not recognise the difference between them. But, we repeat, there is pith in these poems; and that is not a common thing.

TURKISH LIFE IN TOWN AND COUNTRY. By Lucy M. J. Garnett. (Newnes. 3s. 6d. net.) Although the authoress has nothing very new to tell about Turkey and the Turks, she has collected a large amount of interesting information, the result obviously of long residence in the country and careful study of its very mixed population.

Miss Garnett's views as to the good conduct of modern harem life are sound and informing, and it is only when she touches upon politics that one ventures to differ with her conclusions. The descriptions of domestic interiors, the everyday life of the middle-class Turkish family, the general standard of culture, and the extraordinarily repressive and retrogressive policy of the Sultan, are all most lucidly set forth. There is a comprehensive *Index Expurgatorius* compiled by the Ottoman Government which prohibits the introduction into the country of such books as Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered," Chateaubriand's "Martyrs," Victor Hugo's "Les Orientales," La Fontaine's Fables, and all the works of Shakespeare, Voltaire, Dante, Rabelais, and Zola. This is somewhat drastic, but the wily Turk circumvents this by importing his Zola ready-bound, with a neat label on the back: "Traité de la langue Française." It is not stated under what disguise Shakespeare figures. In its 222 pages this little book contains a vast amount of excellently digested information, and its value is enhanced by twenty-two good reproductions of photographs, a glossary of Turkish words, and an index.

DER KAMPF DER WELTANSCHAUUNGEN IM 19 JAHRHUNDERT. Von D. Wilh. Schmidt. (Berlin: Trowitzsch. 3m. 60.) The views are here stated of the eight modern philosophers whom Dr. Schmidt considers to have had most influence during the past century. For instance, Comte represents positivism, Büchner materialism, Darwin and Haeckel the theory of evolution, Strauss the belief in monotheism. The main interest of the book lies, we think, in the sketches of the philosophies and lives of lesser men like Feuerbach, Büchner, Hart and Lange. The notion that a fierce and continual fight about these eight varying philosophies of life is going on around us is disconcerting to the thoughtful man, who would prefer some sort of reconciliation to perennial strife. Yet since there are adherents to each philosophy, it is useful to have these sketches in the space of one little book. Dr. Schmidt is sometimes more of the partisan than is consistent with the calm demeanour to be expected from a philosophic guide; his method of exposition, too, is lacking in literary art, but he states his points clearly, and keeps our interest alive. He pays to Darwin the very highest tribute, for he concludes the essay on him with this passage:—

"The enormous increase of general interest in science in almost the whole of the civilised world is due to Darwin. If the past century is called the most scientific it is entirely through him."

ALMANACH DES GOURMANDS. Fondé par Grimod de la Reynière en 1803. Continué sous la direction de F. G. Dumas. (Paris and London: Librairie Nilsson. 5 frs.) Exactly one hundred and one years ago the immortal Grimod de la Reynière, cook, gourmet, poet, and philosopher, published the first "Almanach des Gourmands." About twenty years later it was continued by A. C. Périgord, who did not invent the pâtés. In 1865 the unfortunate but well-meaning Charles de Monselet revised the almanach with the valuable collaboration of Alexandre Dumas père, Aurélien Scholl, Albert Glatigny, Victor Cochinet, and other leading lights of literature and the stew-pans. Now, M. Dumas, no mean authority himself, comes on the scene, and proposes to issue the almanach annually—until the coming of the Cocqigrués. If he is able to keep up the standard of this, his first issue, his success should be assured, and the debt to him of all clean-palated gourmets will be incalculable. The almanach is a doughty tome of over 200 big square pages; the cover a charming coloured design by Jan Van Beers; articles on Wines, Truffles, Dessert, Fruit forcing, Laughing at Table, Restaurants of bygone times and to-day, pictures in last year's Salon referring to cookery, and papers on culinary painters such as Jan Steen, are interspersed with delightful reproductions of old engravings, original drawings by Ribot, Rossi, Maurice Leloir, and others. Menus—royal, republican and eccentric are given; and the card of the dinner offered to King Edward by M. Loubet at the French Embassy in London, designed by M. A. Gorguet, with its chains of amorini and flowers, is exquisitely beautiful, and a worthy work of art in itself. The almanach is not a "greedy" book, but a valuable collection of interesting literature—artistic, poetic and philosophical. A work to be studied, treasured and loved.

JOHN DRYDEN. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by George Saintsbury. (Mermaid Series. Unwin. 2 vols. Cloth, 2s. 6d. net; leather, 3s. 6d. net each volume.) An admirable addition to this already admirable series. The selected plays are "Almanzor and Almahide," "Marriage à la Mode," "Aurung-Zebe," "All for Love," "The Spanish Friar," "Albion and Albanus" and "Don Sebastian." Professor Saintsbury's Introduction is a noteworthy contribution to Dryden literature, discussing suggestively many interesting points in the history of

the drama. The plays of the Restoration period are largely read, but too little attention has as yet been given to the connection between the Elizabethan drama and the writers of Charles II. It is a gap in dramatic history and criticism which it may be hoped Professor Saintsbury will fill for us.

RUSSIAN SELF-TAUGHT. By C. A. Thimm and J. Marshall, M.A. (Marlborough. Cloth, 2s. 6d., paper 2s.) A very useful little manual, especially at the present time, as it deals with phonetic pronunciation, naval, military, commercial, and trading terms, and is altogether a handy and compendious volume. The vocabularies are strikingly practical.

Reprints and New Editions

ESSAYS. Carlyle. With an introduction by Frederick Harrison. **THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE.** Holmes. With an introduction by Gilbert K. Chesterton. (The Red Letter Library. Blackie. 2s. 6d. each) The four essays of Carlyle which have been selected for this reprint are "Goethe," "Burns," "Boswell's Life of Johnson," and "Sir Walter Scott," together with the author's notes. Mr. Harrison in the preface tells us that one of his reasons for this selection is that they contain "hardly a sentence which could provoke controversy or indignation, hardly a word that is not full of admiration, love, generous defence, in lieu of the fierce sarcasm of his later time." "No reader will find his principles offended, be he Tory or Democrat, evangelist or free thinker." So that these selected essays may safely be relied upon not to produce any irritation in the mind of any reader! Of the binding and letterpress we need only say that these two volumes are in every way the equal of their predecessors in this series.

THE NEW LIFE. Dante. With a prefatory note by William Michael Rossetti. (Ellis and Elvey.) Mr. W. M. Rossetti in his note mentions the small share which he himself took in the translation of the "Vita Nuova," namely, "Collating the Vita Nuova with the Original, and amending inaccuracies." He opines that this may possibly have been the first important work that his brother translated from the Italian, though, needless to say, not the last.

ESSAYS BY ABRAHAM COWLEY. Edited, with introduction and notes, by Harry Christopher Minchin. (The Little Library. Methuen. 1s. 6d. net.) Of these essays, Mr. Minchin says: "Their writer plays upon our language as a skilled player upon an organ, extracting from it what harmonies he pleases, now in a minor key touching on human disappointments: now in swelling strains calling us to battle for liberty and virtue; now sinking into resignation; now rising to the instrument's full compass in echoing scorn of knavery and servility." This is not saying too much.

a HARRY LORREQUER. By Charles Lever. **b THE CAXTONS.** By Lord Lytton. **c THE PATHFINDER.** By Fenimore Cooper. (Blackie. a and b, 2s. 6d. each; c, 2s.) We are glad to note that the editor in his introduction to "Harry Lorrequer" would not have us take Charles Lever as the unrivalled portrayer of Irish life, but recognises what false conceptions of Irish character a perusal of his novels may give. That there is always a reader for "Harry Lorrequer" we do not doubt, but it is not for the essential truth of the pictures, but for its fun and brightness. It is pleasant to have so excellent a reprint of "The Caxtons," in our opinion by far the best of Lord Lytton's many novels. The illustrations are good and the print clear and grateful to the eye. "The Pathfinder" will no doubt be chiefly read by young eyes, which makes it all the more deplorable that so small and so tiring a type should have been chosen.

New Books Received

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL

- Stoll (Oswald), *The Grand Survival: A Theory of Immortality* by Natural Law.....(Simpkin, Marshall) 3/0
 Atchley, L.R.O.P. (Outhbert), *The Parish Clerk, and his Right to read the Liturgical Epistle*.....(Longmans) 1/6
 Mudie-Smith (R.), edited by, *The Religious Life of London*.....(Hodder and Stoughton) 6/0
 Rosa, M.A. (J. M. E.), *The Self-Portraiture of Jesus*.....(" ") 3/6

POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES

- Pyle (Howard), *The Story of King Arthur and his Knights*.....(Newnes) net 10/6
 Gregory (Lady), arranged and put into English by, *Gods and Fighting Men: The Story of the Tuatha de Danaan and of the Fianna of Ireland*.....(Murray) net 6/0
 Bullen (A. H.), introduction by, *An English Garner: Shorter Elizabethan Poems, and Some Longer Elizabethan Poems*.....(Constable) each, net 4/0
 Kitchin, D.D. (G. W.), *Ruskin in Oxford, and Other Studies*.....(Murray) net 12/0
 Campbell (F. W. Groves), *San Francisco, and Other Poems*.....(Gey and Bird) 3/0

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

- Smith (George Gardner), edited by, *Spencer Kellogg Brown: His Life in Kansas and his Death as a Spy, 1842-1843*.....(Heinemann) 6/0
 Thompson, M.A. (Rev. Henry L.), *The Church of St. Mary the Virgin, Oxford, in its Relation to some Famous Events of English History*.....(Constable) net 3/6
 Corbett (Julian S.), *England in the Mediterranean, 1803-1713, 2 vols.*.....(Longmans, Green) net 24/0

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY—continued.

- Griffith (Rev. John), *Edward II. in Glamorgan*.....("Western Mail") 5/0
 Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, written by his Widow Lucy (Kegan Paul) net 3/6
 Lee (Sidney), *Queen Victoria: A Biography*.....(Smith, Elder) 6/0
 Williams (A. M.), *Our Early Female Novelists, and Other Essays*.....(MacLachlan) net 2/6

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY

- Ca'ndi (Edward), *The Evolution of Theology in the Greek Philosophers. Vols. I. and II.*.....(MacLachlan) net 14/0

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY

- Fraser (John Foster), *The Real Siberia*.....(Casell) 3/6
 Watson (W. Petrie), *Japan: Aspects and Destinies*.....(Grant Richards) net 12/6
 Gardner (Edmund G.), *The Story of Siena and San Gimignano*.....(Dent) net 4/6
 Rittner (George H.), *Impressions of Japan*.....(Murray) net 10/6

EDUCATIONAL

- Fraser (Mrs. J. G.), *Notes by F. B. Kirkman, B.A., Contes Des Chevaliers—French Medieval Legends*.....(Black) 1/6
 Rob Roy ("Sir Walter Scott" Continuous Readers).....(") 1/6
 Clark, Ph.D. (Charles Upson), *The Text Tradition of Ammianus Marcellinus, with Five Manuscript Facsimiles*.....(C. U. Clark, New Haven, Conn.) 0/2
 Adamson (J. W.), *Our Defective System of Training Teachers*.....(Ginn) 0/2
 Spanish Self-Taught (Thimm's System).....(Marlborough) 1/0

MISCELLANEOUS

- Saltus (Edgar), *The Poms of Satan*.....(Greening) net 3/6
 Scheme for recording Ancient Defensive Earthworks and Fortified Enclosures (Society of Antiquaries).....(")
 Facts versus Fiction: The Cobden Club's Reply to Mr. Chamberlain (Casell) net 1/0
 London University Guide and Calendar, 1904.....(University Tutorial Press)
 Guide to the Horniman Museum and Library.....(London County Council) 1/1
 Parliamentary Papers, 1891 to 1900.....(King) net 7/6
 Transactions of the Essex Archaeological Society. Vol. IX., Part II. (Essex Archaeological Society) 8/0
 Congregational Historical Society Transactions, No. 8. (Congregational Historical Society) net 1/0
 Browne (Robert), "A New Year's Gift, 'an Hitherto Lost Treatise (Congregational Historical Society) net 1/6
 Wood (J.), *Imaginary Conversations of Three White Letter Days in the Anglo-Saxon Cloisters*.....(Leadenhall Press) 2/6
 A Study of English Turcophobia. Translated from the Turkish. (P.I.S. Series, No. 1).....(Pan-Islamic Society) 0/6
 Clarke (John), *Short Studies in Education in Scotland*.....(Longmans) net 3/6
 The Stamp Collectors Annual.....(Nisden) 1/0
 The Ancestor. A Quarterly Review of County and Family History, Heraldry and Antiquities. No. 8.....(Constable) net 5/0
 Geoffrey, Junior (edited with an introduction and notes by), *The Marvellous History of King Arthur in Avalon and of the Lifting of Lyonesse: A Chronicle of the Round Table, communicated by Geoffrey of Monmouth*.....(Murray) net 2/6

FICTION

- "Thyra Varrick," by Mrs. E. Amelia Barr (Unwin), 6/0; "The Kingdoms of This World," by Stephen Harding (Hurst and Blackett), 6/0; "On Satan's Mount," by Dwight Tilton (Ward, Lock), 6/0; "The Ordeal of Sara," by Alan St. Aubyn (White), 6/0; "His Eminence," by Lady Helen Forbes (Nash), 6/0; "The Gods are Just," by Beatrice Helen Barmby (Duckworth), 6/0; "The Web," by Frederick Trevor Hill (Heinemann), 6/0; "The Island Pharos," by John Galeworthy (John Sington) (Heinemann), 6/0; "Foam and Mist," by Norman Brougham Ward (Morton), 6/0; "Twelve Trifles," by Theophilus North (Morton), net 3/6; "The Brzen Calf," by James L. Ford (Dodd, Mead); "The Money God," by J. P. Blake (Heinemann), 6/0; "Red Morn," by Max Pemberton (Casell), 6/0; "Estranged; or, The Lost Heiress of the Champneys (Henderson), 0/3; "The Great Baruma Mystery," by W. P. Brown (Henderson), 0/3; "Little MacStenger" (Simpkin, Marshall), 1/0; "The Trail of the Dead," by B. Fletcher Robinson and J. Malcolm Fraser (Ward, Lock), 3/6; "Stella Fregelius," by H. Rider Haggard (Longmans), 6/0; "sandford of the Smart Set; or, Sin and Scandal," by Belinda Blunders (Simpkin, Marshall), net 1/0.

NEW EDITIONS

- "John Dryden," edited by George Saintsbury, 2 vols. (Unwin), net 2/6; "The Annals of Tacitus," Books I.-VI., translated by George Gilbert Ramsay (Murray), net 1s/0; "Hymns of Faith and Life," collected and edited by the Rev. John Hunter, D.D. (Dent), net 2/0; "Lectures on Preaching," by the Rev. Phillips Brooks, D.D. (Allenson), net 3/0; "The Bibleist, A Masque of Dead Florentines," Parts I. and II. (Moshier), 5 cents each; "Tilbury Nogo," by G. J. Whyte-McVillie (Ward, Lock), 0/6; "Hakluyt's Voyages," Vols. III. and IV. (MacLachlan), each, net 12/6; Schiller's "Wilhelm Tell," translated by Albert G. Latham (Dent), net 1/6.

PERIODICALS

- "Chambers's Journal," "World's Work," "Critical Review," "Windsor Magazine," "Cornhill," "Lady's Magazine," "Pearson's Magazine," "Ainslie's," "Contemporary Review," "The Papyrus," "The Commonwealth," "National Review," "Blackwood's Magazine," "School World," "English Illustrated," "Burlington Magazine," "The Photo-Miniature," "British Food Journal," "Monthly Review," "Harper's Monthly Magazine," "Indian Antiquary," "Current Literature," "Educational Times," "Library," "Independent Review," "Book Monthly," "The Antiquary," "Architectural Review," "Genealogical Magazine," "Bible Society Monthly Reporter," "Bible Society Gleanings," "Scribner's Magazine," "Lippincott's."

Foreign

POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES

- Fulda (Ludwig), *Schiller und die Neue Generation. Ein Vortrag* (Stuttgart: J. G. Cotta) 75 pf.
 Anders (H. R. D.), *Shakespeare's Books: A Dissertation on Shakespeare's Reading and the Immediate Sources and his Works. (Schriften der Deutschen Shakespeare-Gesellschaft. Band I.)*.....(Berlin: Reimer) 7 marks

MISCELLANEOUS

- Schans (Martin), *Geschichte der Römischen Litteratur*.....(Williams and Norgate) net 8/6
 Rickert (Heinrich), *Der Gegenstand der Erkenntnis*.....(" ") net 4/0

PERIODICALS

- Mercur de France*, "Deutsche Rundschau."

Letters from a Silent Study

[The following series of notes, more or less critical, on life have been given to me. The writer wished to tell the truth—a desire which may be regarded as a legitimate claim to any reader's consideration and indulgence.]

IX.—On Proper Pride.

WHEN I was a boy, my two aunts, now grandmothers, were young, very handsome girls. One had the kind of beauty which is superstitiously known as the beauty of the devil; the other had the kind of beauty which is attributed to the Madonna. The two sisters were rarely in agreement, and the devilish charmer was always accusing the gentle one of forgetting her "Proper Pride."

"Where," she would exclaim, "is your proper pride?"

This question, which was never answered, has haunted me through life: for years I wondered what Proper Pride—as opposed to the familiar deadly sin—could be. Yesterday I asked my friend, the pretty lady, what it was. "A deadly bore," said she. Her mind is untrained and she is incapable of tracing her own best guesses to their legitimate source in the common heart of mankind. On this occasion, as on many others, she was right without knowing it. Proper Pride is, no doubt, the deadliest bore in our moral equipment. "As usual," I said to my pretty friend, "you have given me an idea," and, as I left her, I heard her murmur: "Now he has got all he wanted, he goes. If I had any Proper Pride, I'd never see him again!"

This murmur pursued me: I composed long letters to her as I walked home. When I reached home I thought I ought to return and explain my moodiness, which arose, I intended to assure her, from humility, not from ingratitude, never from egoism. But I feared to give a wrong impression: I did not write the letter: I did not go back. Three hours later, after hating my dinner, shunning my favourite books, and assuming an icy air towards my devoted housekeeper, I realised that I myself was suffering from an acute attack of Proper Pride. In more ignorant days, I might have called it dignity.

As I paced the floor and tried to persuade my better judgment (another strange moral tyrant) that I was a fool, I thought of many examples, instances, and illustrations of Proper Pride in history and my immediate experience—all of which had made for much unnecessary pain, a good deal of lying, not a few crimes, and mischief everywhere. I could not remember, or discover, one case where Proper Pride had led to anything except evil and sorrow. My own little ache was a trifle—although it has since manifested itself in the form of a rash on my arm, which baffles the local doctor, but then he does not understand the close connection between the soul and the nerves.

We all know that Proper Pride is the broad root from which all love stories in fiction, drama, and poetry fatally grow—either for sadness or delight. It is Proper Pride which estranges the fondest of couples: it is Proper Pride which drives well-treated husbands to the worst excesses of jealousy: it is Proper Pride which urges a girl to refuse the one man whom she wishes to accept: it is Proper Pride which restrains the noble, if impoverished, suitor from saying the least word which could be construed into a profession of even temperate regard for the "idol of his existence": it is Proper Pride, in fact, which makes so many people insincere, and so many others angry. And,

as it affects individuals, it influences nations. There have been few great wars in the cause of justice: thousands of lives have been sacrificed, millions have been squandered: cities have been made desolate for no worse offence than a fancied slight to some Government's Proper Pride, and for no better reason than a display of the same abstract. But what is it? It is, as we have seen, the cause of battles, of suicides, of unhappy love, and nettle-rash, yet I am prepared to swear that it is a manufactured—as opposed to a natural—calamity. We are not born with this bore attached to our sufficiently oppressed spirits: it is added to us first by our parents, relatives, nurses, and other guardians, then by the education we receive, then by the books we read, then by the counsel of our friends—themselves groaning under the burden of the incubus. Reduced to its simplest form, Proper Pride and its exercise may be called the restraint of every kind impulse which makes for the simplification of human affairs—whether on the trivial or the grand scale.

To return to my handsome young aunts. I remember well that the more dashing of the two was a woman who abandoned herself, without a misgiving, to the pleasure of thinking aloud. As a thought entered her head she expressed it; the fact that she contradicted herself at least eighteen times a day never disturbed her equanimity; she refused incessant offers of marriage and she had three husbands (one of whom she left because she did not see why she should live with him); at sixty she had a girl's complexion, but at twenty-seven she had lost her figure (here was a point where Proper Pride might have been advantageous); she had any number of children; they all adored her, disobeyed her, and disappointed her. I have seen her laugh by the hour and cry by the hour; she is called impossible because she is purely natural; boys who gave her sweets when she was a little girl, now, as elderly gentlemen with dignified wives brimful of self-respect, will walk (with gout) miles to see her—if only to refresh their memories of her imperfection. I will own that her life, criticised by those who are disenchanted of candour, has not been in any material sense successful. Her income depends, in the main, on the life assurance policy taken out by the least reputable of her three husbands; years ago she spent her paternal inheritance in various benevolent schemes for amusing the poor. The county, however, forgets its snobbery when it calls upon her, and, under her child-like smile, the Lord Lieutenant dissolves into a human being. She has no proper pride—she can love geese, charwomen, marchionesses, and the greengrocer with an equal and constant love. One of her friends is the district coroner who is but thirty-three, although he has sat on two thousand seven hundred and four inquests. To numbers, he would seem depressing. Another friend is a Duke without a palate. "Still," as she says, "for a Duke, he is very clean and tidy." He tells her about his incorrigible sons and their odious women acquaintances. He always protests when he leaves her that he would enjoy his calls far more if he did not invariably meet his wife coming in as he goes out. My aunt cannot see why he should object to this pleasure, and when a busy lady once asked her: "My dear, how can you be so charming to both?" she replied: "You see, they are both so charming to me."

As I have said already, she has no dignity. But I wish I could describe her eyes.

JOHN OLIVER HOBBS.

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The Kelmscott Press

The Beginnings of a Great Undertaking

"**T**HE Story of the Glittering Plain," finished the 4th day of April, 1891, was the earliest production of the Kelmscott Press, and the attention of the reader who can interest himself in the matter is directed to the following passages

July 8, 1890.—Morris to Mrs. Burne-Jones. "We have got 6 letters of the new type done, and have had a scrap printed." Of the "golden type" designed for that Press, he wrote on another occasion: "What I wanted was a letter pure in form, severe without excrescences, solid

without the thickening and thinning of the line, which is the essential fault of the ordinary modern type, and not compressed laterally, as all late type has grown to be owing to commercial exigencies."

As the accompanying illustration is of a trial page of that book, the reader can judge for himself how nearly this standard was reached. A specially interesting copy is in the St. Bride Institute, London, where the Bibliographical Libraries of William Blades and Talbot Baines Reed, both deceased, form a sort of book-lovers' Paradise, and one easy of access to all. A letter from Morris to Reed, preserved between the covers of his friend's copy, shows how little the writer could rest until he had everything right in so far as personal effort could make it.

By the middle of August, that year, eleven punches had been cut for the new fount.

August 27.—Morris sends Mr. F. S. Ellis: "A specimen (over-inked) of as far as we have gone at present."

September 14.—Still "only eleven cut," but in the middle of the following month he wrote: "I have all the lower case letters, and have been designing ornamental letters—rather good, I think."

By the end of that year "all but two" of the punches, upper and lower case, were completed, and he was able to write as follows: "Expect to have my type in a month."

With the beginning of 1891 the Kelmscott Press actually started working. "Its first premises, a cottage on the Upper Mall of Hammersmith, were taken possession of on the 12th of January. The first sample of paper was received on the 27th, and the first full-trial page was set up and printed on the 31st."

How fortunate, then, was the writer, meeting Morris that very day, to be asked into that cottage and shewn what his printer was doing. The page which is here reproduced, with Morris' writing upon it, was dated at my request. Thought too little of at that time, it has become a thing to be treasured



Kelmscott Press
January 31
1891

HF old man answered not a word, and he seemed to be asleep, and Hallblithe deemed that his cheeks were ruddier and his skin less wasted and wrinkled than aforetime. Then spake one of these women: Fear

not, young man; he is well and will soon be better. Her voice was as sweet as a spring bird in the morning; she was white-skinned and dark-haired, and full sweetly fashioned; and she laughed on Hallblithe, but not mockingly; and her fellows also laughed as though it were strange for him to be there. Then they did on there shoon again, and with the carle laid their hands to the bed whereon the old man lay, and lifted him up, and bore him forth on to the grass, turning their faces towards the flowery wood aforesaid; and they went a little way and then laid him down again and rested; and so on little by little, till they had brought him to the edge of the wood, and still he seemed to be asleep.



HFT the damsel who had spoken before, she with the dark hair, said to Hallblithe: "Although we have gazed on thee as if in wonder, this it not because we did not look to meet

"The Story of the Glittering Plain," by WILLIAM MORRIS
(A Facsimile of the first full-page trial, January 31, 1891.)

in Mr. Mackail's "Life" of the Poet, Vol. II., pp. 240, &c. :—

"Throughout the year—1890—the project of his new Printing Press, and the work to be done in connection with it, had swallowed up all other interests."

exceedingly, since the sight of it serves to remind me of days that were brighter than these, because we had Morris amidst of us all. [There was mention just now of two letters still missing—evidently E and N—of the upper case.]

Owing to the kindness of Mr. R. A. Peddie, librarian of the above-named Institute, I have been able to examine at leisure the examples he has of printing more recent than this with the stamp of the "New Art" upon it, and with these and others before me have satisfied myself that, excepting the Doves Press, Yale Press, Ashendene Press, and possibly one or two others, they serve no good purpose whatever, for the variants of the best letter, Roman or Gothic, are not inexhaustible, and no modern designer has the daring of the patentee of a fount, seemingly modelled on Caxton's, wherein all letters like *g* and *y* had to curl up their tails in order to bring them into line with the rest. The edition of *Rasselas*, dated, which advertised that invention, shows what happily is not at all rare, the perfection of commonsense printing, and rather than be critic of the most modern absurdities, I would like to be handling such books.

The practice which Morris deplored of compressing the letter laterally is, happily, without imitators among the recruits in this business, but there are many, unfortunately, having none of that architectural sense which, applied to the making of books, should determine the relation of all the parts to the whole (decoration to text, &c.), and designers lacking this sense, since they trespass upon our preserves, and too often on sacred ground, are most deservedly hated by all lovers of art in books. The cry is for novelty, novelty, while the fact is that it is almost impossible to have anything of that in a book without departing from a tradition which has in it the essentials of all good printing whatever. We have the extremes of high and low prices in these debased imitations of the best printed books in the world, and my concluding word would have been to the General Public if there had seemed to be room for it.

ERNEST RADFORD.

Egomet

AT the back of my mind there has always lingered a faint hope that in the next world it may be granted to me to renew my friendship with the books that have been my friends in this world and that further I shall be permitted to read the many works for the reading of which in this life I shall have no time. It is this hope, perhaps, which sometimes has almost persuaded me to believe that my *ego* had lived as distinguished from my mortal parts, that I have had a pre-existence, just as I hope for a future life. Well known is that strange feeling of familiarity which comes over many of us when visiting a place or meeting a person for, as far as we know, the first time. I have entered a room that I know I have never been in before with a sense that everything in and about it is familiar. A striking example of this was my first visit to the library at the Oxford Union. I went into it from the little room, well lined with books, which gives entrance to the gallery and to the steep stairs that lead down to the floor of the main room. There was no sense of novelty; all was old acquaintance. Of course I may have seen a picture of the place, but even that fact would not have accounted for the feeling of complete knowledge of details that came over me. I have met with no such striking incident in regard to persons.

But with regard to books I have had experiences, not unique, but I believe somewhat rare. In more cases than one I have taken down from the shelves books of which I

knew merely the names, have commenced to read them and have discovered to my great surprise that their contents are familiar to me, familiar not merely in a general way but verbally so. I have sought for a key to this mystery and have in vain tried to persuade myself either that I have read extracts from the books in question or that the familiarity is merely imaginary. But neither of these explanations has contented me. Nor on the other hand have I found myself able to believe that in some former existence I have read the books in question. A specific example is Bacon's *Essays*. This has never been an unfamiliar book to me; on my first reading of it long years ago its splendid prose came upon me with the face and voice of an old friend, a friend that I had met somewhere, but where and when I knew not.

Is it possible that in babyhood I had taken up the book, that its lines had made a photographic print upon my mind, so that the words, though conveying no meaning then, later when I had understanding of them came familiar to my vision? This seems to me a fantastic explanation of the mystery, so indeed but more persuasive does the only other that suggests itself—that I *had* read the book before in another existence. More persuasive is this latter explanation, because it is fascinating to me to fancy—even if I cannot quite believe—that my reading in this is but a continuation of my reading in a former life. Still more delightful to fancy that I may have met in former existences the writers of the books that now delight me.

I may have walked with Shakespeare the streets of Elizabethan London, have sat by his side among the groundlings at the Globe Theatre, have talked with him at the Mermaid Tavern. I may have strolled with Bacon in Gray's Inn beneath the trees and have discussed with him the laying out of gardens. Addison may have been my familiar friend, Goldsmith may have jested with me in the Temple; I may have met and admired—possibly loved silently—Miss Austen. Ah, what dreams, what foolish, vain dreams, yet how pleasing! Are they dreams? Who shall tell me? Are they memories? Who shall say?

E. G. O.

Science

Atoms and Evolution

RADIUM has supplied us with the first experimental proof that one so-called "element" can change into another; that evolution applies even to the "foundation stones" of the material universe; and that Herschel's description of the atom as bearing upon it the stamp of the "manufactured article" can no longer be accepted. Atoms, as we know them, are not manufactured but evolved. The researches of Thomson of Cambridge, Rutherford of Montreal, and Ramsay and Soddy of University College, London, have now gone so far that one may try to indicate some of the features of atomic evolution as it has been demonstrated by the last-named observers.

Radium, as we all know, gives off a great many different kinds of radiation, but we need fix our attention on only one set of these, much the most interesting and important, which have been called by physicists the Alpha rays. They represent by far the greater part of the energy given out by radium, and they constitute the very act of atomic evolution in this instance. Sir William Ramsay has not discovered the "philosopher's stone," but he has demonstrated without its assistance that for which the

alchemists sought it. He has not yet converted lead into gold, but he has observed the transformation of radium into helium, and Professor Curie told the Royal Society, when it presented him with a gold medal the other day, that he would do his best to convert it into radium. The transmutation of the elements is a proven fact, and we owe the proof to the Alpha rays of radium.

Now what are they? Their most important characteristic is that they are *material* rays. They consist of ponderable matter, not merely of undulations in the ether, like sunlight or Röntgen rays or heat waves. And they shoot out from radium at an astounding speed, probably about one-tenth the speed of light—say at the speed of twenty thousand miles a second. They are by no means the fastest moving matter shot out from radium, for the Beta rays, which also consist of material particles, move with a speed approaching that of light. Until these discoveries it was thought that the fastest flying matter known was that of some of the "runaway" stars, such as Arcturus, which you may see low down in the East late at night at this time of year. Arcturus is moving at the rate of about 100 miles a second, yet he is but a laggard compared to the Alpha particles from radium, which move two hundred times as fast.

So much for their speed: but that is not the really important thing. They have no penetrative power and are easily imprisoned in a glass tube, in which a gas of unknown nature appears, doubtless formed from them. But Ramsay and Soddy found that when this unknown gas is watched for about four weeks, its spectrum changes into that of helium. In other words, the evolution of the radium has given rise to the helium by means of the Alpha rays. Now the weight of a radium atom, as compared with the weight of the lightest known atom—that of hydrogen, which we call 1—is 225, according to Madame Curie. The weight of a helium atom is about 2.2, that is to say, about twice the weight of a hydrogen atom, and just about one hundredth part the weight of a radium atom. It is probable that the radium atom breaks up into about a hundred particles, each of which is, so to speak, an immature atom of helium, and these particles constitute the Alpha rays. When they have had four weeks in which to settle down and mate with one another—for the atoms of a gas generally go about in pairs—then the spectroscope reveals their identity with helium. This, then, is atomic evolution taking place sensibly before our eyes. Anyone may witness part of the process by purchasing a spinthariscopes, the little scientific toy invented by Sir William Crookes. When you hold the little instrument close to your eye in the dark you see an incessant shower of sparks that shoot out from a central point. These sparks of light are due to the impact of the Alpha particles against a sensitive screen which is placed at the end of the tube. The Beta and Gamma rays are not arrested and pass on in all directions—many of them into your eye and right through your head—but the Alpha particles are too big and are stopped by the screen, despite their tremendous velocity. As they strike the screen they crack the crystals of zinc sulphide with which it has been covered and thus produce the flashes of light which you see. The instrument costs a guinea, but though the speck of radium in it is too small to be visible it will continue to emit these particles at this astounding speed, day and night, in season and out of season, for at least thirty thousand years. It follows that the most abundant source of energy in the Universe—a source all but inexhaustible—is to be found *within* the atom—where until recently no energy was suspected. Some day we may expect to tap it—and then we need not deplore our exhausted coal-mines.

C. W. SALEEBY.

Dramatic Notes

"**L**OVE IN A COTTAGE," by Captain Basil Hood, and "Les Bienfaiteurs," by M. Brieux, are examples of the old style and the new; the former sweetness without alloy, the latter bitter-sweet, more bitter, perhaps, in intention than in accomplishment. M. Brieux has an object-lesson to teach, that almsgiving is not charity, and that charity without love counts as nothing; but unfortunately he has fallen into the old fault of caricaturing the attitude and the arguments of those whom he would refute. Landrecy is enabled to found a factory, where he will be at liberty to experiment with all the panaceas recommended for ameliorating the lot of the workman, his wife is provided with ample funds to carry on all the works of charity for which her good heart pines, by Salviat, the millionaire, who has been through all the trials of poverty himself, and has not much, if any, faith in the efforts made by the well-intentioned to relieve distress. Of course the experiments fail, grotesquely on the part of Madame Landrecy, pitifully on the part of her husband, who is brought face to face with his workmen, who misunderstand all his efforts for their welfare.

It is with regard to the ladies' committee and their farcical proceedings that fault must be found with M. Brieux, who has here grossly overstated his own case and mis-stated that of those with whom he differs. Many follies have been perpetrated under the guise of charity, but all charity is not foolishness, all the charitable are not fools. M. Brieux puts up a ninny and knocks him (or her) down with skill and neatness, but he is beating the wind if he thinks by this to teach us any lesson whatever; farce is not satire. More than this, M. Brieux apparently intended his play as a serious picture of life, which it is not. There is room for a scathing satire upon some of the methods adopted by those in charge of charitable associations; there is room for a stern tragedy dealing with the deep gulf that too often parts the rich and the poor, the masters and the men; neither of these has he given us, but a bootless amalgam of farce, caricature, comedy and tragedy, not one of which rings true. The play interests only spasmodically and is on occasion amusing, but the comedy and farce are elementary and the tragedy but skin deep. M. Brieux has not dared to be true; he has not had the courage to shake himself free from the conventions of the drama; therefore, on the whole, he has failed.

THE acting would probably have been more convincing had the characters been true to life. Salviat is a human being, not lovable but alive, and Mr. C. V. France played the part admirably. This actor has the useful gift of thinking when he is not speaking, which too many of our performers forget to do; on the other hand, he occasionally uses a gesture which means nothing. Mr. E. W. Garden was really natural as Landrecy, Miss Lily Malvon was excellent in an unpleasant part which might easily have been over-acted; and there an end. The scene is laid in France and the characters are all French, and yet, but for a symptom or two in the way of make-up, the whole was as British as it well could be; surely the scene should have been changed to England or the performers have done something to indicate that they were enacting French folk?

It is never a pleasure to find fault, still less so when criticising the work of the Stage Society, the aims of which are excellent and the achievements always interesting. But—are there no better plays to be shown us from the

repertoire of Europe than Gorki's "Doss House" and "The Philanthropists" of Brioux? If not, the drama abroad is in as sickly a condition as it is in our own country. For its

Just as the plot contains no strikingly original situations, so are the characters by no means new friends; they are old friends in new clothes, and Captain Hood has provided



SHAKESPEARE'S LONDON: THE WHITE TOWER, TOWER OF LONDON
[Photo, Booker and Sullivan, Chancery Lane.]

next programme the Society has fixed upon Browning's "A Soul's Tragedy," by no means that poet's finest play, but one which it will be interesting to see tested by the true test of every dramatic work, by being acted, preceded by "Op o' My Thumb," by Messrs. Frederick Fenn and Richard Pryce. We shall see what we shall see, and be grateful as ever to the Stage Society for its chiefest virtue, that it is in earnest.

CAPTAIN BASIL HOOD's new comedy, "Love in a Cottage," is a pleasant example of that class of pieces to which such plays as "Caste" and "Sweet Lavender" belong; it does not deal with, though it occasionally touches upon, deep emotional problems; the story of true love which for a time does not run smooth is its theme, the incidents are usually mirth-provoking, though there are occasional hints of tears, the characters are for the most part such as we would welcome in daily intercourse, and the dialogue, without being really witty, is bright, natural and amusing. Captain Hood has chosen for the motive of his comedy the danger to happiness that lies in marriages of convenience, a motive which would serve also for a tragedy. Indeed, a wrong note of prospective tragedy is unnecessarily struck in the first act. We are whisked away from fashionable London to the Irish house of an impecunious peer, where the comedy works itself out naturally to a pleasant end; the lovers—there are two couples—are made happy, in so far as the prospect of immediate matrimony will secure their happiness, and the curtain descends to the good old tune of "Haste to the Wedding." All is sweet as sweet can be, natural, simple, entertaining.

them with very excellent garments. The acting all round is good, especially that of Mr. Vane-Tempest as a fatuous man of money, and of Miss Irene Rooke as an unhappy wife: but all are good. For our actors of comedy are as superior to our actors of tragedy as are our writers of comedy to our writers of serious drama. There is considerable ground for hope, as I have urged before, that comedy may recover its old-time glories, while, unfortunately, the condition of the serious drama shows little but symptoms of further decline.

"THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW" asks "What can be done to help the British stage?" in an article which reprints Mr. John Hare's recent letter to The Times, and portions of speeches by Mr. Beerbohm Tree and Mr. Pinero. The suggestion, of course, is conveyed that to rescue the stage (not dramatic literature) from its present parlous position can only be done by the founding of a repertoire theatre and a school of acting. Both Mr. Tree and Mr. Benson have founded admirable schools for actors, the latter having already accomplished much good work. As for the subsidised repertoire theatre, as is usual in these discussions, no practical suggestion is made except by Mr. Frederick Harrison, who has tried "to induce an eminent philanthropist to become the Herodes Atticus of a revived Athenian drama." But the drama will never be revived by philanthropy; in some such practical scheme as that recently put forward in this column lies the only hope of combating the evil influences which are doing so much harm to the English theatre. A repertoire theatre will provide both a school of acting and a means for providing for the preservation as *acting* plays of the many masterpieces which adorn our dramatic literature.

A NEW one-act piece in verse, by Ludwig Fulda, was played the other night at the Royal Theatre, Berlin. It is entitled "*Lästige Schönheit*" (Tiresome Beauty). The heroine, a beautiful woman, tired of hearing praise of her physical charms, desires to be won for her intelligence and amiability, and takes the opportunity at a masked ball of discovering whether the man she really loves cares for aught but her beauty. Her mental excellences and her pleasing disposition so work on him that although she assures him she is the plainest if not the ugliest of women, he declares beauty to be nothing, and she consents to give him her hand. He does not, however, conceal his delight when he discovers her identity. It is, of course, the lightest trifle and needs the lightest handling by the actors. It serves as a suitable introduction to Fulda's admirable translation of Molière's "*École des Maris*," performed the same evening. Why is Molière never played in England? There are plenty of good translations. Perhaps our "repertory" theatre will change all that.

A SOCIETY for the promotion of modern dramatic art has been founded in Strassburg. Its members already number a thousand, with Professor Theobald Ziegler of Strassburg University, as president. Its aim is chiefly to produce works forbidden by the Censor. The plays chosen for the first performance were Schnitzler's "*Grüner Kakadu*" and Oscar Wilde's "*Salome*."

A NEW drama in four acts, by José Echegaray, "*La desequilibrada*," has been produced at the Teatro Español, Madrid. The leading idea is that good men and women who, at critical moments of their lives, allow themselves to yield to their passions and temperaments, fall a prey to persons of mean character, who under a pleasing and brilliant exterior, conceal cold-blooded cunning and craft. The third act is remarkably fine, and the whole had a favourable reception.

Musical Notes

NOT many novelties figure in the programmes of Professor Kruse's second musical festival to take place at the Queen's Hall in April. It will, however, be interesting to hear the many standard works set down for performance under Herr Weingartner's direction. Such things as Weingartner's own "*Orchesterlieder*," Hugo Wolf's Italian Capriccio, and Liszt's Symphonic Poem, "*Tasso*," will moreover be new to most, while the appearance of Dr. Henry Coward's Sheffield chorus in "*The Dream of Gerontius*," the choral symphony, and the Mass in D will be another interesting feature of the festival. A famous operatic singer will also be heard in Frl. Thérèse Malten. A rather striking omission on the other hand is that of any work by the most notable of all living composers. One scans the list in vain for the name of Richard Strauss.

THE world is clearly going to hear a good deal of Miss Paula Szalit, the brilliant young Austrian pianist who produced at her two recent recitals such a profound impression on all—or say nearly all, for there was at least one notable exception—who heard her. At present Miss Szalit gives signs of proving more a second Madame Schumann than another Sophie Menter or Carreño; and without implying the least disparagement of anyone this is certainly not matter for regret. In a word it is even more by her wonderful musicianship than by the perfection of her technique as such that the young player has impressed her hearers. Whether she will prove of any

particular account as a composer is, of course, a much more open question.

BUT at least the little pieces of her own creation, which she played at her second recital, possessed certain merits none too common, showing a sense of form as well as of beauty too seldom encountered in compositions of this order. One called an Impromptu, in which suggestions of Mendelssohn and Chopin seemed equally blended, pleased especially, and had to be repeated, but the others were almost equally clever and interesting. Miss Szalit, by the way, is another instance of a prodigy who has redeemed the promise of her youth. When quite a child, it seems, she attracted the attention of connoisseurs in Germany by her precocious attainments, and is even alluded to, in this connection, in Oscar Bie's well-known work, published some years ago, on the pianoforte. Her recent studies have been directed, it seems, by Leschetizky, who should certainly be proud of such a pupil.

THE raising of their gallery prices from 1s. to 2s. 6d. by the Philharmonic Society seems hardly a happy move. It may be that at most other orchestral concerts the higher charge is made, but in this matter our oldest musical organization might well have held by that conservative policy which it displays so often in other matters. The change can hardly benefit the society's income to any appreciable extent, whereas it will mean a very considerable difference indeed to the many young and struggling music lovers who find even 2s. 6d. a strain on their resources. Musicians, perhaps, do not always realize how much they owe to the shilling and half-crown public by whom as often as not the reputations are made which stimulate the subsequent patronage of the higher priced seats.

MR. JOHN LANE announces a new illustrated series of monographs, biographical, bibliographical and critical, entitled "*Living Masters of Music*." The first volume, "*Henry J. Wood*," will be issued early in February, and it will be followed by volumes on Richard Strauss, by Alfred Kalisch; Edward Elgar, by R. J. Buckley; Paderewski, by E. A. Baughan; Alfred Bruneau, by Arthur Hervey; and Joachim, by J. A. Fuller Maitland.

MRS. NEWMARCH, the editor of the series, is to be congratulated, moreover, on her choice of "subjects," and on the capable hands to which they have been entrusted. As one of the first of living authorities on Russian music she herself should deal in a peculiarly sympathetic spirit with the work of Mr. Wood. One of the sanest and most acute of living critics will handle the fascinating problem presented by the works of Richard Strauss in the person of Mr. Kalisch. Mr. Arthur Hervey will be fulfilling a congenial task, which he is pre-eminently qualified to discharge successfully in discussing the work of Bruneau. Mr. Baughan's "*Paderewski*" may be trusted to make good reading; while Mr. Buckley and Mr. Fuller Maitland in their turn will be discoursing on subjects with which they are in completest sympathy. It is to be hoped, however, that one danger will be guarded against. Such works should not be all butter.

THE reappearance in London of Eugen D'Albert has been an event of interest. Since he shook the dust of England off his feet, under circumstances which it is now unnecessary to recall, and became an adopted son of Germany, D'Albert's visits to what is, at least, the land of his birth have been singularly intermittent. Yet he has certainly not lacked appreciation whenever he has deigned to visit us, even if his somewhat unromantic personality is of a sort to militate, perhaps, against his ever becoming a

fashionable pianist. Yet he has every other qualification requisite to the attainment of this end, not omitting a readiness to play to the gallery in a manner which, truth to tell, consorts not very happily with his reputation as a musician. When the "little giant," as they call him, lets himself go, there are few, indeed, who can make more noise. But he is a great pianist all the same.

MUSICIANS have been divided into various camps at different times—from those of the Gluckists and Piccinists to the Straussites and anti-Straussites of to-day. Apparently the mechanical piano is to prove yet another bone of discord. At least the most different opinions are held concerning it. On the one hand you have those who will make no sort of terms with such a child of Belial, and scout the suggestion that it possesses any kind of value. On the other there are those who, sceptical perhaps at first, have modified their opinions altogether with closer knowledge of the subject, and in particular are impressed by the educational possibilities of these instruments. As usual, no doubt, the truth lies somewhere betwixt the extremes. While no one in his senses can maintain that even the best of these contrivances begets results to be compared with the performances of, say, a de Pachmann or a Paderewski, yet their superiority to those of the average domestic performer is obvious enough.

I do not hesitate, indeed, to say that an immense amount of nonsense is talked concerning the demerits of these wonderful instruments by those who suppose themselves to demonstrate thereby the acuteness of their perceptions, and I should dearly like to see some kind of a test match organised at which certain of these hypercritical gentry should be called upon to distinguish between a pianola and an ordinary pianist when both were operating behind a screen. Many, no doubt, would spot which was which pretty readily, but many others, I am sure, would do nothing of the kind, and even the most cocksure might, I fancy, find themselves more puzzled now and again than they would imagine possible. It is, of course, the uniformity of tone colour of the mechanical piano which is at present its besetting weakness. But who shall say that even this difficulty may not be overcome in time? Where so much has been achieved already nothing seems impossible.

Art

I AM glad to see that Mr. Fairman Ordish raises a note of warning in "Cornhill" about the improvements of Westminster; and all the more glad am I in that he is as hot an admirer of the London County Council and its aims as I am. The triumph of the Council over the intrigues of the syndicate that nearly overthrew them in the House of Lords gave joy to all lovers of London. But there is just one matter in which I would raise my voice with Mr. Ordish in a prayer to the Council to save a little piece of historic old London. Of the main scheme and its fine effect when completed there can be no two opinions. And that is all the more reason for the Council to honour the little wedge of old London that is of historic value. The little court in North Street, so characteristically Dutch in architecture, so English in memories, has no equal in London. This court should be saved at all costs. And besides these houses, there are Little College Street, Great College Street, and College Mews, which are so sacred in memory that it will be to the eternal shame of every Londoner to-day should they be swept away. Fortunately Cowley Street and Barton Street near by are safe. They are like a cathedral close. These quiet streets are full of memories which every human soul with a scrap of imagination loves to recall. Keats lived here;

Gibbon lived and visited here; and the blotting out of the filthy squalid area between St. John's Church and Horseferry Road should not only not call for the destruction of these old streets, but should enhance their charm. Once destroyed, no art of man, no remorse, can replace or recall them. They should remain to London's honour.

MR. HENRY ROSE, in his lecture at the Polytechnic in Regent Street upon the Story of Sculpture "From Phidias to Flaxman," gave a fair survey of the subject in such fashion that it might be understood by the man in the street—and that is no easy task. His survey was happier in the Greek stage than in the modern; but he took the judicial attitude rather than the personal, and the dead masters have of course more to yield in the way of tributes from the great dead, though such tributes are often out of proportion owing to the weight of the names of such as rendered the homage. Nobody, for instance, would think of taking Ruskin's estimate of Rembrandt or of Whistler as being of much higher significance than that of a Vaudeville farce to-day. And it is perhaps for this reason that whilst Mr. Rose over-rated the value of the Albert Memorial, he omitted to mention the name of one of the greatest of modern sculptors, Rodin. That the Greeks themselves did not fully appreciate their own treasures is grimly evidenced by the fact that whilst their writers mention with enthusiasm some works which are not so highly estimated to-day, there is no mention amongst them all of the greatest Greek statue, the Venus of Melos! And Mr. Rose, though he said it diffidently enough, was quite right when he stated that the early Victorian rage for the Apollo Belvedere was overdone. But I was sorry to think that Mr. Rose thrust a shaft of satire at the youth from Hampstead who considered that Englishmen were the successors of the Greek youth in manly beauty. Personally I am of a mind with Mrs. Raggles when she uttered her immortal dictum, "I have seen Apollo Belvedere, and I have seen Raggles; and I say give me Raggles."

THE Society of British Sculptors has formed itself at last; and let us hope that it will avoid the pitiful jealousies and black blood of the two societies that Providence, in merciful wisdom, raised out of the muck of the last mid-century to destroy each other and prevent the handing down of the ghastly traditions of that day. I would like here, at the beginning of a new society, to make a suggestion: It is an obvious fact, if a sad one, that sculpture in itself does not attract an audience such as pictures will attract, just as pictures will not attract so large an audience as the drama. Now, a society of sculptors presumably forms itself in order to reach a wider public, for he who despises the public and the taste of the public will very easily avoid contact with that public by shutting himself up in his studio. If a society of sculptors wish to draw a large public, they should exhibit not only statuary figures, but examples of the application of statuary to the arts and crafts. Let me give a few examples: the cremation of the dead is becoming daily more national, yet I have never seen a fine design for the ashes of the dead—and this though it is in relation to the loved dead that people have one of the most pious and reverent feelings. It is, in fact, a strange thing that the making of that one form of sculpture that everyone has to fall back upon during some part of their experience, the gravestone, has passed wholly to the ghastly and gruesome yards where the monument-maker plies his miserable chisel, hammering it into marble and stone to the disfigurement of modern places of burial. Then again there is the carved mantel—almost a lost source of beauty. There are, in fact, a dozen and one applications of the sculptor's art which are pushed aside for the mere statue which only the very rich can buy, and

which very few even of them want. It must have struck even the sculptors themselves that a visit to the sculpture-room of a picture gallery always leaves a certain impression of the uselessness of statues to an ordinary man of means. The carved doorway with figures is rarely seen in model; in fact, the ordinary man associates the sculptor with the maker of funeral arrangements, and relegates his sphere to the damp corners of churches. The meeting of sculptors the other day seems to have been enthusiastic and promising; and the rivalry of the several societies of artists to which they belong seems to have been thrust aside in the endeavour to found a really national institution. The last few years have seen a remarkable re-birth of sculpture throughout the land, and I hope that the society may have all the success it deserves; indeed, it is born at an auspicious time, and carries the good wishes of every lover of art with it.

THE Royal Academy is to be congratulated on its common sense in electing, to give itself honour, so very fine an artist as Mr. Brangwyn. He ought to have been elected at least ten years ago, but that is another story. The Academicians may be surprised to hear it, but he is a far finer artist than Bonnat, who is loaded with honours by his own Government; but he is elected, and the Academy will soon discover his value. Frank Brangwyn is one of the finest painters in Europe to-day; few but our forty immortals could have drowsed through that fact. He has an individual and a personal force that has created quite a school already, and has had a marked effect on art abroad. He is one of the few men of genius who manage to keep a decorative effect in harmony with the full pictorial and artistic impression. His "Venice" will never again be "skied" on the walls of the Academy, and his election greatly strengthens that body. Mr. Charles Furse, the second painter elected to the roll of this great national Academy, is a painter of considerable talent, and is another strong prop taken from the New English Art Club, where most of his career was won. He is best known for his portraiture; and his technique and artistic qualities make him a useful addition to the ranks of the Academy. Mr. Pegram's sculpture has steadily won him recognition as a good artist, and he has once or twice almost made a sensation. He is one of the new school of sculptors who have brought back almost a lost art to England.

As regards the foreign elections of honour to the Royal Academy, it is rather fantastic to see Frémiet put before Rodin; but, given the academic bias of mind, Frémiet is an addition to the honorary immortals. His equestrian "Joan of Arc" we all know as she rides out of her square in the Place des Pyramides into the Rue de Rivoli, and half the jewellers' shops of Paris sell little gold models of this work. It was this same Joan who caused so much adverse criticism amongst the people of Paris, until Frémiet, irritated by their carping, and foolishly listening to it, modelled another Joan, and, during the upheaval and confusion of the street when the underground railway was being made, placed the new Joan in the old Joan's seat, only to find the new Joan execrated, and the old Joan become a work of art and a national idol! Bonnat, the painter, with a marked style of his own, has done some very fine work. It must be rather a grim satisfaction to these two distinguished men that one had to wait until he was seventy, and the other until he was eighty, before this high honour fell upon him. Few who saw it will forget Frémiet's large "Gorilla carrying off a Woman."

THERE seems to be a good deal of flutter in the studios about the new rule of the Royal Academy which allows three pictures only from outsiders and six from insiders at

the coming show; but (I do not know whether it is my fancy) I thought that three was the number decided upon long months ago. However that may be, I am bound to say I do not think the complaint against the Academy is quite fair—and no one will accuse me of a cringing faith in that somnolent body. I think that when a man has won his spurs in art he is entitled to more consideration than the youngsters who are knocking at the gate, and who have not yet established themselves. But surely this limiting of numbers of pictures sent in is simply a saving of the trouble and time of the Council of the Academicians who select for the year; and as they do absolutely nothing else for their position during the year, their labours for a few days do not move me to tears on their behalf. I would far rather see thirty pictures of Brangwyn's hung than, say, only two Brangwyns and braces of this, that and the other mediocrity. And another improvement loudly called for is the hanging of all a man's work together as at the Champ de Mars Salon in Paris. In this way a man gets his share of line and sky much more fairly; and he can control the surroundings of his pictures. But why bawl into the ears of the Royal Academy?

A RUSKIN EXHIBITION is to be held at the Manchester City Art Gallery, opening on March 23 next and closing on May 14, of pictures and other works of art illustrating the life and work of Ruskin, including the early Italian painters, Turner, the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, and also Ruskiniana such as letters and manuscripts. The Committee have offers of loans sufficient to show that the exhibition, which is being organised for them by Mr. W. G. Collingwood, will be extremely interesting.

University Extension

An Experiment in Bibliography

THE British Museum is often regarded by the younger sort as a sepulchre of specimens dated at least 5000 B.C., and avoided accordingly; to many it is known as the shrine of the Portland Vase (and nothing else), and the fact that there existed a "lecture-room" in the building at Bloomsbury came as a piece of fresh intelligence to a large number of those who were present at the "Bibliographical Visit" last Saturday, to which I referred recently. The room in question is known more properly as the Assyrian Saloon and provides the only apartment ever given up to legitimate lectures. That it is not more often used for that purpose is a matter for no small surprise: Mr. Chad Boscawen lectures occasionally on the subjects with which the walls are covered, and I am not overstepping the mark in saying that otherwise the room is little used. One of the Museum attendants even expressed ignorance of the existence of any such lecture room!

These remarks come under the heading of University Extension because of the fact that the Central Association of U.E. Students (would they had some shorter designation!) is determined to rectify this state of affairs by bringing into requisition this lecture room as a new supplementary force in Extension work.

The above visit was not a visit in the general sense of the term. There was no procession of wondering individuals blindly following their leader through the galleries. Such proceedings are of little or no value. But the utility of a lecture room capable of seating two or three hundred people within the Museum itself—in the precincts of the subject matter of the lecture—will be easily understood by any who recognise what our museums are really worth. University Extension work must be strictly unlimited, and not partake of the nature of certain

organised visits to private collections which are matters for "the happy few."

I must devote the remainder of the present article to a brief consideration of the occasion mentioned above, when Dr. Emil Reich attended to receive questions from any of those present ("questions on subjects of any science whatever"), then to point out the books whence the desired information might be sought. Dr. Reich's aim was to give some idea of the methods to pursue and the facilities that are available in unearthing and assimilating the accumulated knowledge of the past. To know which books to go to for what, is the best knowledge a student can desire, and that is the science of bibliography.

The interest taken in this experiment was evinced by the two hundred and more who were present, and by the variety of questions submitted to the "Examiner." At the end of an hour and a quarter Dr. Reich had not finished going through the batch of queries, and as each question was the occasion for individual explanation and comment respecting the books used in tracing it out, it will be seen that the afternoon was in reality devoted to a biographical lecture or demonstration.

To use his own words, Dr. Reich desired to demonstrate "that the masses of learning which have been accumulated in books, printed books, during the last five centuries, are not a pathless waste in which the explorer upon the track of knowledge is compelled to wander haphazard upon the off-hand chance of some day running across the information he requires; scholars have long ago reduced the chances of going astray to a minimum, and they can now hunt down their information with both rapidity and almost mathematical precision."

He then proceeded to hunt down his prey. The first question referred to the old theory of "The Discovery of America by the Chinese." He first went direct to the Bibliography of Cordier, the French *sinologue*, dealing exclusively with China. But supposing Cordier not to be known, the seeker has then to refer to the keystone of all bibliographical investigation, the *Manuel de Bibliographie Générale*, the work of M. Henri Stein. This work is practically a subject-catalogue of bibliographies, and under *Chine* will be found the reference to Cordier's work.

And so with the subsequent questions. Some occasioned the mention and use of the Subject-Index of the Printed Books in the British Museum, three volumes invaluable for contemporary literature, containing the names of all the books acquired since 1880, classified under their subjects. Then, again, there is Sonnenschein's "Readers' Guide" and "Best Books."

Another question meant reference to Kletke's bibliography of Prussian History, which contains, in addition to all that concerns such history in printed books, even the key to the unprinted material in the Berlin libraries—"when you have exhausted Kletke you may be satisfied that nothing has escaped you."

Dr. Reich then explained the nature of the German *Jahrbücher*; each particular science having its "Year Book," which contains, in systematic arrangement, a record of all that has appeared during the year concerning the particular science.

And so the questions continued to exhaust the list of compilations that exist for the facility of reference—the handmaidens of bibliography. The success of this experiment will lead, let us hope, to the regular course of lectures on Bibliography which Dr. Reich anticipates giving next year.

Mr. ELLIOT STOCK announces that the next volume of the "Book-Lovers Library," to be published in the popular issue of the series, will be Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt's "Studies in Jocular Literature."

Correspondence

Tolstoi and the Babies

SIR,—In your issue of 30th January a writer, C. W. Saleeby, in the course of a most interesting article called "Tolstoi and the Babies," says, "you will tell me that . . . it is human nature that the All-Good Father has made 'desperately wicked'—as the theologians assure us."

Can the writer of the article quote any one theologian, of any one school of Christian thought, as having anywhere taught such colossal nonsense?—Yours, &c.,

STUDENT IN HOLY ORDERS.

Sonnets from the Portuguese

SIR,—In his preface to Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese" Mr. Edmund Gosse remarks that "there is a marked absence in the 'Sonnets from the Portuguese' of all slovenly false rhymes, of all careless, half-meaningless locutions, of all practical jokes played upon the parts of speech." The sonnets are most of them very fine, no doubt. But still there are a good many bad rhymes, it seems to me, as e.g., in Sonnet XIII., where *enough—rough—off—proof*—are supposed to rhyme. As regards meaningless locutions, would some reader of THE ACADEMY be kind enough to explain to me the following lines from Sonnet XV.?:—

"On me thou lookest with no doubting care,
As on a bee shut in a crystal line.
Since sorrow hath shut me safe in love's divine,
And to spread wing and fly in the outer air
Were most impossible failure, if I strove
To fail so."

—Yours, &c.,

E. DICK.

Shelley: Victor and Cazire

SIR,—Having failed in the ordinary course of business to establish communication with a gentleman or lady using the initials "G. S." in THE ACADEMY for 19 December, 1903, I venture to ask space for a few lines concerning the reported fourth copy of "Original Poetry by Victor and Cazire."

When I published "The Shelley Library" no copy at all was publicly known to exist. Now three are known and will be duly described under their owners' names in the complement of that work and in future editions of Shelley. Of course, if there is a fourth it also should be described; but I should naturally hesitate to affirm that a fourth copy is expected to be in the hands of a lady or gentleman writing under the initials "G. S." if and when it should please the Lord to take the present incumbent of the said "G. S." reversion.

The genuineness of a copy of such a rare book as this requires establishment on the authority of an expert. As the book has been fac-simile'd, it can be faked; and Shelley's presentation would not put the experienced faker in much difficulty.—Yours, &c.,

46, Marlborough Hill, N.W.

H. BUXTON FORMAN.

"Fitz"

SIR,—Will you allow me to say, in reference to Mr. Meynell's very kind review of my "Life of Edward FitzGerald," that I was quite surprised to find that I had made no acknowledgment in my Preface of the help obtained from Mr. E. V. Lucas' article in THE ACADEMY. The article was of real service to me. There is a reference to it in a footnote in Volume I., page 149.—Yours, &c.,

Olney, Bucks.

THOMAS WRIGHT.

[Other Letters held over.]

BOOKSELLERS' Catalogues Received.—Mr. W. M. Murphy, Liverpool (*Miscellaneous*); Mr. Henry Bumpus, High Holborn (*General*); Mr. Bertram Dobell, Charing Cross Road (*Manuscripts and Autograph Letters*); Messrs. Douglas and Foulis, Edinburgh (*Biography, Travel, History, and General*); Mr. Wilfrid M. Voynich, Soho Square, W. (*MSS. and General*); Messrs. Day's Library, Mount Street, W. (*History, Biography, Travel, &c.*); Messrs. Hatchards, Piccadilly, W. (*Books of To-day and To-morrow*).

"Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 2, East Harding Street, London, E.C. The envelope to be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Full name and address must be sent, not necessarily for publication. Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper. The Editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archaeology, Folk-lore, Art, Music, and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published.

COMPETITION

Until further notice, four prizes, of the value of 5s. each, will be awarded weekly for the two best Questions and the two best Answers contributed to "Academy Questions and Answers."

The Editor's decision must be considered absolutely final and no correspondence whatever will be entered upon with regard to the awards. The prizes will go to those Questions and Answers which are deemed to be of the greatest general interest, and *briefly* in all cases will count as a merit.

The names and addresses of prize-winners will not be published, but the winning Questions and Answers will be indicated by an asterisk (*).

The prizes will consist of 5s. worth of books to be chosen by the several prize-winners. The name and address of the booksellers where the book or books can be obtained will be given.

Each prize-winner in the United Kingdom will be advised that a credit note has been sent to a bookseller as early as possible in his (or her) immediate neighbourhood, and that on demand he (or she) may choose a book or books to the value of 5s. Winners outside the United Kingdom will receive a cheque for 5s.

Non-adherence to the rules and regulations of "Questions and Answers" will imply disqualification.

No Questions or Answers received after Monday will be considered eligible for the current week's competition.

No competitor can win a prize more than once in three months.

Questions

LITERATURE

FRANK SEAFIELD, M.A.—Biography of this author wanted. He wrote "Literature and Curiosities of Dreams," referred to in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," as the standard work on the subject of dreams.—W. F.

* DOGBERRY.—Is Shakspeare responsible, in Dogberry (1600), for the introduction into English literature of characters who, like Mrs. Silpelop (1742) and Mrs. Malaprop (1773), misapply or attach wrong meanings to words?—L. F. P.

ORIGIN OF RHYME.—At what period and in what country was rhyme first used, and who was the first known writer to employ it?—A. J. (Leeds).

GISSING'S LAST WORK.—How should "The private papers of Henry Rycroft" be classified? As a novel?—W. F.

DEATH OF SIR HENRY GAGE, 1648.—Do the following lines form part of a poem; if so, where can I find it?—

"Drums, beat an onset; let the rebels feel
How sharp our grief is by our sharper steel!"—R. J. Fynmore.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.—What is the correct pronunciation of the poet's surname? If as two syllables, would not a disacrisis be needed on the last letter?—W. F.

HISTORY

PARLIAMENT FIELD.—There is an obscure locality near Brilles called Traitor's Ford, at a passage of the river Stour, on the borders of Oxfordshire and Warwickshire, which connects an ancient roadway from Brilles to Hooknorton; this roadway appears to bound and separate four parishes. Adjoining is "Parliament Field," where Oliver Cromwell is believed to have encamped with his troops. Can any student of the Civil Wars identify the date of this campaign?—A. Hall.

* OLD NOBS.—In the Creevey Papers George III. is referred to as "Old Nobs." In "Pickwick" Sam Weller applies the same nickname to his father. Is there any other reference to "Old Nobs," or is it a coincidence?—F. A. S.

GENERAL

* TEA IN ENGLAND BEFORE 1657.—Tea began to be used as a national beverage when Garraway opened a tea-house in Exchange Alley in 1657. Wanted: references to tea-drinking in England before that year.—Harmatopeges.

WEIGH—WAY.—Can any of your readers say when the misspelling of "weigh" for "way" in the phrase "to get under way" used of a ship making good progress, first came in? It is an ignorant mistake probably arising from confusion with the phrase "to weigh anchor." Surely there is no such substantive in English as "weigh." Moreover, as Professor Skrat once pointed out to me, the Dutch have a similar expression to signify "getting under way" in the ordinary sense of "way."—F. (Cambridge).

MONUMENTAL TEXTS.—When did the practice originate of inscribing texts or scriptural quotations on tombstones? Are there any examples earlier than about 1690?—A. W. (Cambridge).

CLASSIC—ROMANTIC.—Can any of your readers give a short definition of the terms "classic" and "romantic," not applying to nature, literature, art, epochs separately, but a general definition that would point out the essential nature of the terms?—A. G. (Nürnberg).

GERMAN "V" AND "W".—What is the equation or distinction between "v" and "w" in modern high German? Of two abridged dictionaries now before me, one puts "Gull = müve," but also "müve = sea-gull"; the other varies thus, "mewe, müve = sea-gull," also "gull = die mewe."—Querist.

WHITE HEN'S CHICKEN.—My landlady greeted one of her children who had received a present with this phrase: I next met it in Burton's "Anatomy" in the form of "Pallus Jovis et gallinae filius albae"; this classical authority suggests some connection with the soothsayer's birds. Taken literally it does not seem a happy expression; a white hen here proved so bad a mother to her brood that only one chicken attained a sunken maturity; and this one now walks about with a deprecating air, sometimes furtively laying a diminutive egg, with an apologetic cry very different from the usual cackle of triumph. Can anyone say if the expression be common, and throw light upon its origin?—Luk.

Answers

LITERATURE

* LEE PRIORY BOOKS.—"Bibliotheca Cantiana," published by J. Russell Smith 1837, page 237, mentions in a catalogue of J. W. Southgate's collection of Lee Priory Books, sold by auction in 1823. Lee Warley bequeathed a library of books to Kitham, Kent—they are, I believe, kept in the vestry of the church there. See Arch. Cant., Vol. x., pages 68-9. In volume xxv. Arch. Cant., page 236, there is a

descriptive catalogue of documents belonging to the Kent Archaeological Society, preserved at Maidstone, and amongst the papers is a book with memoranda by Henry Oxenden, wherein mention is made from time to time of books lent to friends with great liberality.—R. J. Fynmore.

* OHNE PHOSPHOR KEIN GEDANKE.—I doubt if this expression was used by Goethe. Professor W. James in his "Principles of Psychology" (vol. I., page 101), quotes the saying as "a noted war-cry of the 'materialists' during the excitement on that subject which filled Germany in the '60s."—M. A. C. (Cambridge).

* PROSERPINA.—Shakspeare's authority is Ovid—Met. v. 399. In what translation he read the incident of the fallen flowers with the rest of the beautiful story (having "little Latin"), who shall say? I have not by me Arthur Golding's translations in Alexandrine verse, which had gone through seven editions, at least in Shakspeare's time; but he would not be likely to have disguised the incidents of the story much. Sandys does not; but he of course is too late for Shakspeare.—H. Buxton Forman.

[Replies also received from G. E. D. (Richmond) and H. C.]

* SCALIGER.—In "Ebert, Allgemeine Bibliographisches Lexikon" (1820) I find mentioned: "Scaliger, Jos. Just. Opus de emendatione temporum, &c., Col (onis) Allobr. (sive Ezz. tionevae), typis Roverianis, 1629 f." The same work also contains a "Verzeichniss aller Echten Altdinischen Drucke" in which an edition of Cicero, "Epistolarum," is noted as having been published in 1852 as well as in 1879.—D. S. (Amsterdam).

* CALIGULA.—The reference is Suetonius "Life of Caligula," chapter 50. In Hulsand's translation (anno. 1606) the passage is thus rendered: "He was troubled most of all with want of sleep; for he slept not above three hours in a night; and in those verily hee tooke no quiet repose, but fearfull and skared with strange illusions and fantasticall imaginations; as who among the rest, dreamed upon a time that hee saw the very forme and resemblance of the sea talking with him."—H. W. M.

* HUMPHREY HOUR.—Richard tells his mother that the only "comfortable hour" he has given her was the hour of his birth. "Humphrey Hour" meant a time of emptiness, when a man dined with Duke Humphrey, i.e., paced the nave of old St. Paul's by the tomb of Humphrey, Duke of Gloster, while those who could afford it were eating their dinners.—Pedagogue.

AUTHOR FOUND:—

The verse is by Guido Gürrer, born 1803, died 1882. Gürrer has edited a collection of historical ballads, written by himself and the Count Pocci, under the title "Österreichischer Festkalender." The ballad is called "Belagerung Wien's durch die Türken," and begins with the verse:—

"Ein Falke späht vom Felsenest
Hinaus, hinaus ins Land,
Er späht nach Ost, er späht nach West
Hinaus, hinaus, den Strand—
Der Falke ist Graf Starckenberg," &c.

Guido Gürrer, one of the "Jüngere Romantiker," wrote also many legends and "Volksmärchen."—W. F. Stolz (Zleb, bei Čáslav, Bohemia).
[Reply also from M. A. C. (Cambridge).]

THEATRE

WIND ON THE STAGE.—In answer to "Vanity Vair," the whirling of leaves on the ground and off the trees was well reproduced in "Gyrazo de Bergerac," Act v., Sc. v.; according to the stage directions "À ce moment un peu de brise fait tomber des feuilles."—M. S. (Bookham).

GENERAL

STATUE OF CROMWELL AT WESTMINSTER.—The sculptor was Hamo Thornycroft. It was not unveiled by Lord Rosebery, but was uncovered without any ceremony by the workmen of the Office of Works on November 14, 1899.—D. J.

[Similar replies received from A. R. B. (Malvern) and M. M. Dobrée.]

* NOT FIT TO HOLD A CANDLE TO HIM.—The "New English Dictionary" gives older instances of the use of this phrase than that quoted by *Clericus*, e.g., 1550. Crowley: "Disse playars . . . that have nothyng to playe for . . . Holde the candle to them that have wherewith, and wyll sette lustily to it." 1614. T. Adams: "Let Plato then, hold the candle to Moses." 1640. Sir E. Dering: "Not worthy to hold the candle to Aristotle."—T. H. (Ely).

* TO HOLD A CANDLE TO HIM.—The custom of holding the candle for a reader dates back to the old times when illuminations were scarce and inadequate. One can fancy that in the lady's bower the favorite page, or the privileged maid would be the one to stand near the mistress and "hold the candle." The phrase, perhaps, has acquired additional weight from ecclesiastical usage; for the reading of the Gospel, two servers held the candles; and the appropriateness of the externals to the act of proclaiming the Light of the World, led to the erecting of the necessary device into a liturgical symbol familiar to us to-day.—S. C.
[Replies also from M. A. C. (Cambridge) and Alpha.]

* THE OX WITH THE CRUMPLED HORN.—"The ox" is the still, "the horn" the twisted "worm"—hence "crumpled" horn. The figure is common in many drinking songs, thus—

"I'll buy a milch cow that will never run dry,
And I'll milk her by twisting her horn."

"Treading out the corn" means extracting the spirit from the grain. As far as I know the figure is confined to such songs.—T. W.

* COUNTING-OUT VERSES.—The form which I knew as a boy ran thus:—

"Ena mona, mona, mite,
Piska, lava, bora, bite,
Ulga, bulga, bo:
Eggs, butter, cheese, bread,
Stick, stack, stone, dead."

The form which "Pet Marjorie" used, and which so greatly delighted Sir Walter Scott, is thus given by Dr. John Brown:—

"Wonery, twoery, tickery, seven;
Alibi, crackaby, ten and eleven;
Pin, pin, musky, dan,
Tweele um, twiddle um, twenty-wan;
Eerie, oris, oule,
You, are, out."

I believe that a book on "Counting-out Rimes" was published a few years back. Perhaps some correspondent will give author's name and title of book.—C. A.

NOTE.—"The House that Jack Built." Reply received from A. C. (Chelmsford). "Kipling." Replies received from R. G. W. (Richmond, Yorks), J. T. (Blackpool) and F. C. G. (Dublin). Correspondents may note that if they do not wish to compete for the weekly prizes they can endorse their Questions or Answers: "not for competition."

PRIZES.—The asterisks denote the two questions and two answers to which prizes have been awarded. The winners can obtain, on application at the following booksellers, Five Shillings' worth of books. Notices have been despatched to the several winners and to the four booksellers whose names follow:—

Slatter and Rose, 16, High Street, Oxford.
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